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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

A UNION ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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LITTLE BRIDES OF BETHLEHEM.

From a photograph taken a few days before they were married at eleven and twelve years respectively. It would be impossible to obtain a photograph of a true Moslem girl. See p. 315.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

VOL. IX. JANUARY, 1894. No. 1.

IT is no common blow that has fallen on the Shantung Mission. Like the shock on the air when some monarch of the forest is felled to the ground, came tidings of Dr. Nevius' death to the Mission House. He was among the foremost missionaries in all China. At the great Conference in 1890, he was chosen Moderator on the first ballot, by delegates from every missionary society in the Empire, and was put on their committee for translation of the Bible. Questions were laid up for reference to him by workers all over China and America, and, after forty years' experience, he was looked to, with his catholic spirit, great learning and child-like attitude towards the truth, for his ripest service in the next ten years; for he was a vigorous man and only sixty-four years old. Apart from Dr. Nevius the missionary, the remark of one that "he was a prince among men" will be appreciated by many who saw him during his recent furlough in this country. Mrs. Nevius, who is herself much of an invalid, will be remembered tenderly in the prayers of the Church. It is no common blow that in one year removes from its service both Arthur Mitchell and John L. Nevius.

"Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the spirit that blends
With the worshiping chorus on high:
But weep for the mourners who stand
Round the grave of their brother in sadness,
And weep for the heathen whose land
Still waits for the dayspring of gladness.
Yes, weep. For the herald that came
To proclaim in their dwellings the story
Of Jesus, and life through his Name,
Has been summoned away to his glory."

EFFORTS of the United States Minister to Constantinople in behalf of Dr. Mary Eddy have been crowned with success. The Ottoman Government, which has hitherto refused medical examinations to women and whose vague diploma of "learned woman" was the highest ever before allowed to them, has now conferred the legal degree of doctor of medicine and surgery upon our missionary. Without this, whenever her practice lay outside the midwife's sphere she would have been exposed to interference from jealous ecclesiastics or officials. By resolutely holding on at this time, Dr. Eddy has both gained a fair field for herself and opened the door to other medical women in the Empire. We take some special American pride in this result, because the Russian Ambassador has been trying for more than a year to secure a similar degree for a Russian woman but up to this hour has failed. This we know—a rampart of prayer lay behind Dr. Mary Eddy.

ABOUT Christmas, the well known English traveler and author, Mrs. Isabella (Bird) Bishop, expects to start for a tour through Korea, China and Japan. We hope many of our friends may be so fortunate as to welcome this delightful visitor to their homes.

Mrs. Bishop styles herself "a convert to missions through seeing missions." She says that while some years ago she took no interest in the condition of the heathen and was rather supercilious towards missions, what she has seen in her journeys "has produced such a change and such an enthusiasm in favor of Christian missions that I cannot go anywhere without speaking about them."

IN her volume upon Persia, Mrs. Bishop, who is, as she says, "devotedly attached to the Church of England," seems to look through a mild halo at the Anglican Mission which has so mischievously affected the work of our American Mission that preceded it on the ground by fifty years. But, since returning to England, the "halo" appears to have faded. In a recent letter, which lies before us, Mrs. Bishop tells a friend that she has been reading Dr. Perkins' book on the Nestorians "with absorbing interest and I understand better than before how your mission long and earnestly

labored to reform the old Church within itself and failed." She finds the Anglican Mission "is on more ritualistic lines" than she was aware of, and adds: "I have had many conversations with the Archbishop of Canterbury on this subject. My view is that his mission must utterly fail because it condones superstition, exalts ceremonial, and having deserted the simplicity which is in Christ cannot lead the people back to it. I have also said a great deal to him on the injurious effect of making the headquarters of his mission in Oroomiah."

THE last word from Persia is reassuring. At the end of November, the Shah sent a letter to the U. S. Minister at Teheran, containing his imperial assurance of full protection for our friends at Oroomiah, both American and Native, and promising due punishment to the men who lately murdered an Armenian brother in that city. This good man's death was the result of Moslem intrigue, and, since showing themselves friends to him, Oroomiah missionaries have felt Moslem agitation directed against themselves, in a way they have not experienced in years. His Majesty's letter no doubt produced a quieting effect.

IN August last, the Misses Montgomery made a journey to Senneh, four days by horseback northwest of Hamadan, hoping to establish a school and leave a teacher to carry it on. They had a friendly reception from the Governor, but, upon discovering that the Sennehites, both Jews and Moslems, were looking chiefly for pecuniary benefits from a school, they turned about and took their teacher home with them, not, however, till they had scattered seed by the way which was "left in the care of the Omnipotent Husbandman."

Life's a loan from Him who gave us being,
And its value lies in homewards fleeing.
From the Arabic.

THE year 1894 begins with 663 foreign missionaries on the roll of our Church, as against 630 a year ago. Of these, 157 are unmarried women and 35 are single men.

THE Presbyterian Church leads the world in the number of her women physicians in foreign service. She enrolls twenty-two, a gain of five in the past year, and every one at her post.

DEATHS in our missions in 1893, included five children and six adults. Mr. Young, of Peking, and the veteran Mrs. Cochran, of Persia, went Home early in the year; Mrs. Menkel, newly arrived in Africa; and but lately, Mrs. Waddell, of Brazil, Mrs. Lingle, of South China, and Dr. Nevius.

THESE four; Nkonemakàk, which the Africa pioneering party has reached, but not yet reported from; Praa in Laoland, whither Dr. Briggs has removed, leaving the Hospital which he built up to a new comer; Paotingfu in the Peking district, where Dr. Atterbury has gone, resigning to others the fine Hospital which was the gift of himself and his family friends; Zitacuaro in the rich State of Michoacan, Mexico—these are the new Stations of 1893.

IN justice to immediate needs of the field, the Board of Foreign Missions calls for thirty-one new men this season. Only ten are yet appointed.

THOSE missions which, in the eyes of the Board, most warrant advance steps just now are in Africa, Laos and Hainan. Each of the last two must have five men and Africa must have four, including an industrial missionary (layman).

OF seven consecrated doctors needed at once in our missions, *the* man most desperately in request is one for the Mosul field. Who bids for Dr. Grant's mantle in the Koordish mountains and can gracefully wear a piece of Stratford's diplomatic cloak at the same time?

A LOUD and reasonable call from West Japan for four single ladies, right away.

AFTER dangerous fever, Dr. Emma Templin, of Allahabad, was reported, November 1, as making favorable progress. Miss Grace Thwing, who was very ill at Macao; Mrs. Dodds, who lately went to Mexico; Mrs. St. Pierre, of Oroomiah; and Dr. Harris, of Syria, who had blood poisoning caused by an operation, are all in various stages of happy recovery.

WITH deep regret we learn that Miss Palmer is too ill to be in her school at Osaka, and Mrs. Andrews, of North India, and Miss Medbery, of Oroomiah, were also ill at last accounts.

"ALMOST every day some one speaks of the effect Mirza Ibrahim's steadfastness had upon the non-Christian people, and we see how much louder he is preaching in death than in his life."—*Letter from Persia.*

After hovering between life and death for three weeks, losing speech and reason, a little member of Kolhapur Station, South India, has been mercifully restored and resumes his old occupation of saving adult missionaries from homesickness.

In distant Chiningchow, China, where, even when prosperity is at full tide, they long for a resident physician, how joyous was the shout raised on the approach of Dr. Van Schoick, the little Station daughter having carried a button in her nose two whole days and no one able to relieve her.

At Gensan, Korea, the missionary had been displaying a globe and leading up, from the revolution of the earth to the night of sin and God's deliverance. One of her audience broke out: "How wonderful it all is! I never heard before that the world is round." But a very old woman had been able to grasp a more important thought and *she* said; "If there is any hope after death I need to know it, for I am old and must soon die."

Maps, on cloth, for use in meetings, can be had from headquarters of the several Boards (see some Notes to Auxiliaries, this month), but—we wish we could make our readers believe it— the office of *Woman's Work* contains no such maps.

Bound volumes of *Woman's Work for Woman* for 1893, uniform with the good style of former years. Price $1.00.

Sorry to say, Syria slides (for magic lantern) are disabled by travel. Borrow India slides instead.

In Africa, during the year past, a notable break has been made into the savage world of Gazaland, on the border of Mashonaland, 200 miles from the Indian Ocean. Traveling sometimes by boat up the Buzi River, sometimes walking around its rapids, four missionaries of the American Board and their wives, accompanied by several Zulu evangelists who volunteered for the purpose, have established themselves within the jurisdiction of the British South Africa Company, among a people untouched by the Gospel, a branch of the Zulu race. This new station is really an output from the mission to the Zulus, established by the Board sixty years ago, in which the missionary band have already done service.

A telegraph line through from Cape Colony via Uganda to Cairo is promised in the near future.

Uganda continues to be a fascinating missionary field. Thirst for reading has "grown almost to a popular passion" with the people. Bishop Tucker says it was Mackay who kindled that thirst—Mackay, who cut type there with his own hands. He says, also, that he never saw more order or reverence in an English cathedral than at Sunday services in Uganda. "Where a few years ago they were sunk in grossest paganism," he has seen 5,000, at one time, "worshiping the true God, in a noble building erected by their own hands." Uganda is now under British authority.

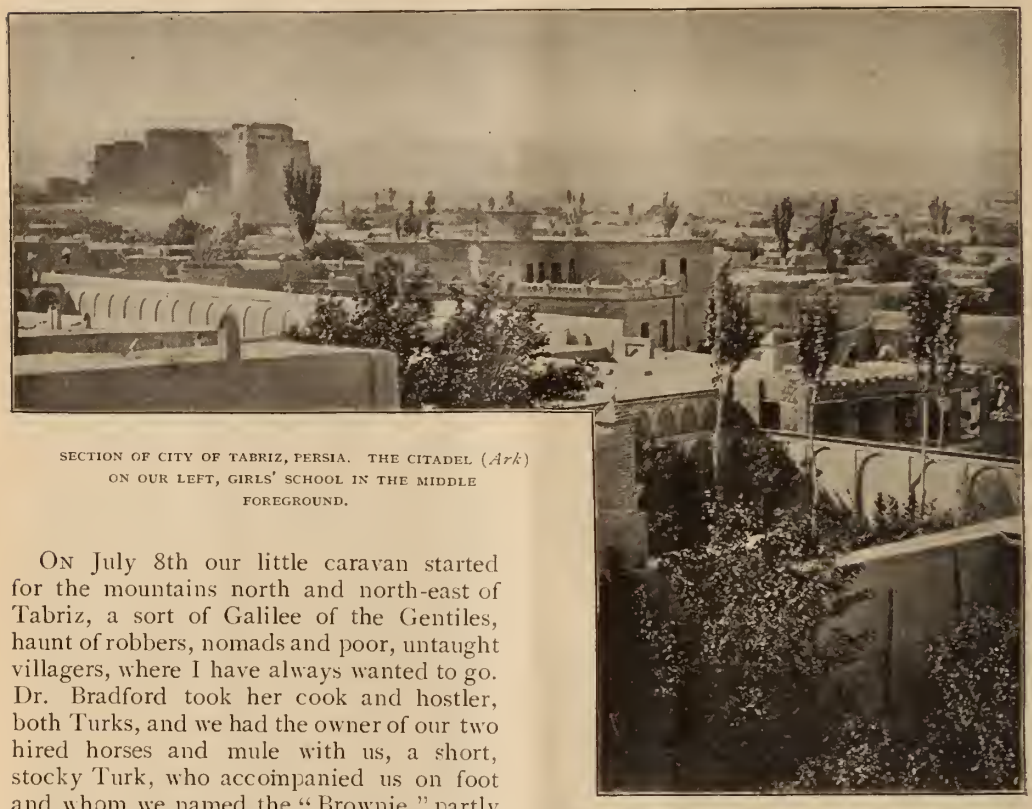
Judgment has been rendered by the King of Siam in regard to the murder of a party of five Karen missionaries, who left Moulmein in May, 1890, to preach the Gospel to Karens in North Siam. Their four carriers killed them at dead of night, having been instigated to the act by a wealthy Buddhist who wished to prevent the spread of Christianity in his country. Their guilt was traced by a ruby taken from one of the Karens, and the King, upon confession by some of the accused, commuted the death sentence to imprisonment for life and commanded payment for cremation of the bodies. This penalty was passed equally upon the wealthy Buddhist and the carriers.

The so-called royal house of Hawaii has been its curse for years. The Queen secured the passage of the bill for the infamous Louisiana Lottery. Restrictions upon the opium traffic were removed. A faithful cabinet was displaced and men of no character were placed in power. The final act was her attempt to abrogate the constitution and establish one of her own making; it was then that all the better classes united and deposed her. Never was a revolution more warranted by facts. — *Missionary Herald.*

A donation of walking sticks, baskets and ornaments was sent from the Pitcairn Islanders to Dr. Barnardo's orphanage in London.

The "China Inland" lady, Miss Taylor, who has published a book about her journey into Tibet, is organizing an independent "Tibetan Mission" in London, and a party of missionaries expect to sail under that flag in January. They will do well to look at the patience of the Moravian saints, who have knocked at the gates of Tibet for forty years.

TWO WEEKS IN KARA DAGH, PERSIA.



SECTION OF CITY OF TABRIZ, PERSIA. THE CITADEL (*Ark*) ON OUR LEFT, GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE MIDDLE FOREGROUND.

On July 8th our little caravan started for the mountains north and north-east of Tabriz, a sort of Galilee of the Gentiles, haunt of robbers, nomads and poor, untaught villagers, where I have always wanted to go. Dr. Bradford took her cook and hostler, both Turks, and we had the owner of our two hired horses and mule with us, a short, stocky Turk, who accompanied us on foot and whom we named the "Brownie," partly from his brown hat and coat and partly from the mild contrariness that was in him, leading him to try to cross our devices and giving us pleasure in circumventing his, for the little man generally got the worst of it and was often heard grumbling gently that he was much oppressed by the ladies.

Each day we rode from sixteen to twenty-four miles, and we visited only Mussulman villages, with one exception. At the first village, where we spent the Sabbath, we had a furnished room, *samovar*, carpets, chairs, mirrors. It belonged to the Crown Prince's wrestler. We visited his two wives, one of whom was sick. Everywhere people were extremely curious to see us and asked most impertinent questions, for we were the first foreign ladies to visit those parts. Our journey was in the month of Moharrem, when the mourning for Hassan and Houssain is observed. The people gather nightly in the mosques to listen to the tragic story of their deaths. The recital is called a *marsya*, and more than once in the villages we were asked if we could tell it. Then we told how Jesus died. "Why don't you cry?" was asked. "Why should we cry? The Lord is not in the tomb, but on the throne of glory, praying for us. We have no cause for tears." We were begged to tell fortunes, at the price of a pair of worsted stockings. I bought several pairs to take home, and one sharp-eyed woman who caught a glimpse of them, said: "If you don't tell fortunes, what are doing with all those stockings?" When we were ready to leave, our host, a stalwart, silent man, and two or three friends came in and asked for reading and prayers.

At the second village we came down from our fine accommodations to a small dark room, with mud floor and nowhere to put anything, but our hearts were rejoiced by a woman who said earnestly, "Can you tell me how to be saved from hell? I am so afraid of it," and a man who said, "I want you to tell me all about Jesus." It was a solemn thing to meet so many immortal souls and to find most of them taken up with trivialities. It was calculated to make us feel we must

"Nothing desire, nothing know,
But Jesus crucified."

At every place Dr. Bradford saw sick people; some were hopeless cases and she had to say she could do nothing, which they rarely believed. . . . . The Brownie wanted to set us down for the night in such a wretched place that we rebelled. "Very well, you will have to sleep with the tent dwellers." Poor little man! He had no idea this was just what we were wishing. So, to his despair, we pushed on till four o'clock, when a group of black tents appeared on a hill and a blue-coated figure rode out to give us welcome and an introduction to the clan. This was Abraham, an Armenian, husband of one of our former school-girls, and a trader, especially in silk cocoons. He imports the eggs from Italy, distributes to these wild peoples, and buys from them the cocoons which they raise in their winter homes in the warm districts on the Caspian Sea. In the spring they leave homes and gardens and bring their flocks and herds to the mountain pastures, where they summer in tents covered with black felt, with matting walls and supported by tent poles. In such a tent, speedily vacated for us, were we lodged and received with a hospitality which reminded one of Abraham and Isaac. A beautiful little black lamb was presented as our prospective supper. Our cook attempted to ask prices, but they were insulted at the mention of such a thing, and he ruefully reported "Little remains but they slay me." We asked them to take their housekeeping things out of the tent, but they replied, "Not till you have selected all you need." Let me whisper that, before leaving, we had to give a present in money worth double what we received. The truth is, they are all notorious robbers and we kept a bright lookout for our effects.

We went to call on the wife of the chief, Lady Tulip, a bright capable woman, evidently a power in the camp, who can ride and shoot with any man. In the evening she and other ladies paid us a return visit. One of them was spinning silk from the cocoon with a distaff. Some of them stayed for prayers, and afterward Lady Tulip said to Doctor Bradford, "I want you to give some medicine to this woman (wife of our host) to make her fat, her husband says he means to take another wife who is plump." "I would like to give some medicine to him to make him give up such a wicked idea." Dr. B. then began to exhort him. "Would you like your wife to take another husband?" "Certainly not." "Then you must remember she feels the same way about you." "Oh, I only want another to help about the house work." "But you have girls, let them help." Things were getting rather hot for our fine-looking host, when he suddenly turned the tables on the Doctor. "Why are you not married? The very earth under your feet testifies it is a sin," for Moslems, like the Mormons, believe it wicked not to marry. I sat mute as a mouse, not wishing to incur a similar attack. Doctor said something which made them all laugh, and Kerbela Abbas turned fiercely on his wife, who had not once opened her mouth, saying, "What did you come in for, anyhow, to kick up all this fuss?"

By dawn I heard the steady "swish, swish" of the churning. Suspended from three crotched sticks was the skin of a cow, filled with milk, which two women vigorously pulled back and forth till the butter should come. As for its kind, when it did come—well—they like it. We took our farewell, marred, as it so often is, by their exorbitant demands for money. "Race of dogs," Abraham said in Armenian.

That day we came into the Black Mountains, and oh, what a sight for barren and treeless and rainless Persia! The mist on the mountains, the low forests,—real forests,—clothing their sides, scrub oak though they were, we rejoiced to see, and to ride through the soft rain that hardly seemed to wet us. We were rising higher and higher, surrounded by seas of mountain peaks, separated by almost inaccessible valleys from which we heard at times cries of the shepherds or songs of the reapers. The views were magnificent when we could see them, but oftener they were shrouded in such fog that we could not see more than ten feet beyond our horses' heads. . . . . We climbed up until we reached a village, where we were welcomed in such a kind way. The head man knew Dr. B. and took us right into his own house and gave us a nice room and fire and ordered the crowd to stay out and let us rest, while he himself helped Mousa put up our traveling beds, on the principle of the small boy who helps about the circus to get to see the animals. His mother reminded me of my own. so

BLACK TENTS OF THE ELIAUTS (OR ILYATS). CHURNING IN THE FOREGROUND.

bright, cheerful and hospitable. She slipped in saying "My son said I shouldn't come, but I wanted to so much." I replied "You are the mother, of course you shall come." Much pleased she answered "You are my own two little ones." We slept sweetly here, but next morning came the tug of war, when the village women gathered and overwhelmed us with questions. One said "What hope is there for the Black Mountain people? We are nothing for this world or the next." After treating all who needed, Dr. B. fled out doors from the confusion. It seemed impossible to get them to listen, and at last I said: "Sisters, what is it to you if we are married or not, if we are related or not? We came yesterday, we go to-day; we shall never meet again till we stand before the judgment seat of God. Let me talk to you of life and death, for all must die, and tell you of salvation." They said "It is true, it is true," and listened while I talked.

That day was Saturday and I had a longing to spend the Sabbath in a Christian village, so we rode again all day and, near night, found a small Armenian village. They were unwilling to receive us, saying "We are not infidels, why do you come to us?" So we took a guide to another, where we stayed on the hospitable porch of the old priest.

Our pack mule had fallen into the river, and books, bedding, clothes, were dripping wet. We found one of Mr. Wilson's schoolboys here, and the priest had been entertained at Mr. W.'s house in Tabriz. All Sunday the old gentleman was busy mending his primitive threshing machine, spreading his cocoons to dry in the sun, currying and feeding his horse and donkey, but except in the early morning had no church service, saying afterward he forgot it. He catechized us about our faith, and after answering I asked "What is your hope for salvation?" "If we are good we will go

to heaven." "Who is good?" "God only knows." He asked about our fasts, adding "We are much tormented with these fasts." I read the 15th of Luke to some men. One of them asked "Tell us, why do you pass us by and go to these Turkish villages?" but seemed satisfied with the answer "We are seeking the lost sheep." It was better to spend the day there than in a Turkish village, but next morning the old priest, though liberally paid, was much dissatisfied and was evidently a lover of money.

How can I describe the wild and frantic scene at Uzbend where we passed the next night? I have seen nothing like it in Persia, the noise, clamor, shamelessness. We put our curtain up and arranged our beds behind it, and Doctor went out in the yard to see the sick while the well remained with me. We did not want them behind the curtain, fearing robbery and fleas, so I went out to talk with them; but their remarks were so shameless, I became angry and reproved them, then finally retired behind the curtain, refusing to have anything to do with them. The master of the house, a decent man, undertook to cope with the howling mob. Raising the curtain, with the manner of a managerie proprietor, he would say "Those are their beds; they sleep in them. They came from Tabriz; they are going to Ahar; the doctor one is outside, this is a teacher, they are both women, they are not married." His information exhausted, he would howl in a stentorian tone, "Go to hell, all of you," and with blows and imprecations would clear the way for a fresh pack of visitors. In a lull, he would drop on his prayer-carpet and recite his prayers. It was like a horrid nightmare.

I got up at dawn next morning and moved about like a mouse, for fear some one would hear me and come to watch me dress. Dr. B. and I had prayers by turns, she taking one day and I the next. This was my day. I did want to say a word for Jesus in that wild place, so when the room was full, Dr. B. announced if they were not still during prayers she would not treat one of them. And *still* they were, listening and understanding, so we had one of our best audiences for the gospel in this dreadful village. At Ahar, the capital of the Black Mountain district, it was almost like getting home to meet Mr. Brashear who was out touring among the Armenian villages, to get our Tabriz mail, and to see my own dear Turkish teacher, Mirza Abdul Houssain, with whom I constantly correspond. He brought to us his friends and relatives and the wayward pretty wife. "Does she love you, Mirza?" He gravely replied, "I don't just know." His friend, the physician, came to see us, and the governor sent for us, and we saw his pretty wife. We stayed one day and two nights and, before leaving, I had the opportunity for which I had ridden nearly two hundred miles, to tell my poor skeptical Mirza the story of Mirza Ibrahim, his prison life and death, and to say to him: "Never say to me again that it is impossible for a Moslem to become a Christian except for money." . . .

We came from Ahar to another friendly village where the very babies wanted to come to us. The women begged me to go to the mosque to hear the *marsya* and got permission from their head man and from the mullah, but Mousa and Dr. B. advised against it, so I was disappointed. One woman said to me: "I have always been an obedient wife to my husband and have borne him nine daughters, but because I have no son he has taken three other wives." I told her how Mr. St. Pierre said "After three boys we didn't dare hope that God would give us a girl." Her eyes sparkled when she heard that he gave tea and sugar to all in the house because he had a daughter.

Our reception was very different at the last village, inhabited by camel drivers. For a while we could get no lodging, but, finally, one of the wealthiest men, on assurance of our being total abstainers from intoxicants, took us in, and we were treated well, though not a soul outside the family came to see us. Next day we rode without further adventure, save that a mounted policeman appeared to guard us through a rocky defile. Begging for a present at the end, he said: "Give not according to my poor deserts; remember who you are and give no mean present, but something worthy of yourselves," which is true Oriental for you. We emerged in a pass on the great red mountain north of Tabriz, dismounted for the last time from our horses that we might walk to its base, and in an hour were at home.

Grettie Y. Holliday.

"Our dispensaries" says Dr. Mary Bradford, "are the only places where Mussulman women can come without question from the authorities."

BRIDE AND WIDOW—TWO ZENANAS.

Scenes in zenanas are not always dreary, but, on the contrary, at times very amusing. Before I forget this morning's events I must write them down.

I went to one of my houses to say good-by to a young girl just married, who was to leave to-day the home of her childhood, to live with the parents of her boy husband. When I reached the flat roof of the house, I was greeted by her parents and about fifty women, all relatives and neighbors. They had gathered to see the little woman's outfit, which was spread upon two bedsteads. Laid out for show were twenty-one suits, each costume consisting of a skirt, short jacket and veil; the gayest mixtures of colors imaginable, such as can be seen only at such places. The skirts are all made of either black, dark blue or scarlet lawn, trimmed with broad borders of gold or silver; each skirt measures eight yards in width, but they are worn very short. The *chuddars*, or veils, were of either thin flowered stuffs, or gay muslins, red, blue or yellow, trimmed with gold or silver borders. The short jackets, with very short sleeves, were made of any bright flowered stuff or color which the mother or sisters of the bride most fancied. Some were beautifully embroidered with thick silver or gold threads. A few white costumes were very prettily embroidered with white by sisters and aunts of the happy possessor of all these grand garments. It was amusing to watch the air of wisdom exhibited by the women while examining piece after piece of what they consider a very liberal outfit. The mother, with an air of importance becoming to such a grand occasion, was busy trying to keep off half a dozen crows that wished to fly about as usual on the roof of this house and, every now and then, tried to sit on the outspread finery.

The bride meanwhile was sitting behind a screen taking her bath. The mother handed her a soiled veil with which to dry herself. This act prompted me to tell the matron that not long ago I looked at the outfit of the daughter of one of the Christians. I told them *that* bride had not twenty-one costumes, but she had stockings and towels, chemises and nightgowns, petticoats and drawers. I told them that most of that outfit could be washed, as the things were white. "Oh," remarked the mother, "white is no color at all; and a fortune has to be paid the washer-man." Another old matron remarked: "The idea of covering the feet with stockings and leaving no room to put on ankle ornaments nor toe rings." Her bath finished, the bride appeared, covered with such an amount of jewelry that if I gave you the number of ornaments it would sound incredible. The small toe of each foot had a ring on, and on the very top of her head was a large, heavy golden ornament. The young creature (about thirteen years old) was to eat breakfast with her parents, and so we left her.

The next zenana I went to was one in which death only a short time ago had snatched away the head of the family. The gentleman was appreciated, both among Europeans and his own people, as a well-meaning, highly respectable man. He was a wealthy and well known contractor. The kindness with which he treated his family was remarkable. The poor widow was so full of sorrow, it seemed hard to find the right words with which to comfort her. The expression of her face had become one of such despair that I often feared I could say no more to her. She and her daughters sat near me as usual, listening to answers in the Catechism. One of the questions was "what is sin?" After the little girl had answered, I endeavored to explain to them what a comfort it is that through the Redeemer we can obtain forgiveness at any time and place. "Oh!" said the sorrowful woman, "do you mean that Christ will forgive my sins? I am glad to know this, for I am a great sinner." She felt happier after this thought.

This family belongs to a Reformed Brahminist religion, and believe only in the Supreme God, have no objection to the Bible, and are highly educated. Do pray for this widow. I cannot give her name, for it does not do to go in and out of these people's houses and then write about them. It is plainly to be noticed how precious words of comfort are to the widows, for one seldom receives sympathy among her own people.

Ernestine Calderwood.

The record of missionary progress during the past century has in it more of solid hope for the world and more of tangible contact with the promises of God, than anything else in human history.—*Foreign Missions After a Century, p.* 42.

A VISIT TO THE DWARFS, WEST AFRICA.

INCIDENT OF FOURTH JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR, JUNE, 1893.

THE second day from Batanga I struck a village of the famous Dwarfs. As everybody knows, it is only by rare chance that one gets a sight of these little people. They are found all over this part of Africa living much like gypsies, scattered among many tribes but belonging to none. All other people of these parts live by agriculture; what they kill is a small part of their food. It is on their gardens of plantains, cassava, yams, corn, sweet potatoes and ground-nuts that they mainly depend. But the Dwarfs are not so. They live by the chase and on wild fruits and edible leaves of the forest. But they are not at all averse to eating what others have raised. They want vegetable food, but do not wish to work for it. How are they to get it? I am happy to say they are not blamed with stealing food from their neighbors' gardens. It is admitted on all hands that they are remarkably honest. Here is their mode of life.

They attach themselves to some town of Fang, or Mabea, or whatever tribe occupies the country in which they wish to live. They are skillful hunters, and if there is game to be had they will get it and, taking it to the town, exchange it for the food they want. Often a family of Dwarfs will maintain such an alliance with a town of their stronger neighbors for generations. The Dwarfs are themselves a timid and harmless people, at least, in this part of Africa. They never pretend to fight for their rights, so I am assured. When the people to whom they have attached themselves do them a wrong which they are disposed to resent, they simply move away and seek alliance with some other town. It is considered an advantage to have them as neighbors, so they are generally well treated. Their towns are not permanent, however, merely rude sheds which they occupy only while game in the neighborhood lasts.

But if stronger tribes do not rob or kill the Dwarfs, they certainly take advantage of their ignorance of the world, supplying them with cloth, guns, powder or spears at such prices as they choose to ask, and taking good care that "their Dwarfs" come in contact with no one who will tell them how they are being cheated. Here comes in the difficulty of seeing them. If you go to a tribe and ask to be shown the town of their Dwarfs, they pretend to be most willing, but explain that the Dwarfs have never seen a white man and will be afraid; so they must go in advance and prepare them. Their object is to see that they run away. Had I asked the Mabea to show me their Dwarfs, I would have asked in vain. But I had a young Mabea guide who was impetuous and thoughtless. As we were trudging through the forest, I happened to notice a newly beaten track leading off from the main path and at the same moment I heard the sound of voices. I asked in surprise, Who made that path? for I had supposed we had left the towns behind. Without taking time to think he replied, "There is a town of the Dwarfs there." Then I had him fast; he was in my employ, he dare not directly disobey, and, of course, I at once announced that I would turn aside and see these people. When we came near he said, "I will go and tell them so they will not be frightened; you wait here and I will call you." But I followed and entered the village so close behind him there was no chance for working any game on me. I found the Dwarfs at home to the number of fifty or sixty, and not so badly frightened after all, which I attribute to the fact that they had not been "prepared" for my visit.

The village was newly built. Paths were new, leaves with which houses were roofed were comparatively fresh. The spot they had selected was high and well drained, and a fair sized stream of beautifully clear water flowed close by. I could have enjoyed a few days in such a camp myself, but to spend one's life in such encampments,—no clearing, no open country, no sunlight, no outlook beyond the shadowy forest glades,—the thought was enough for me. I have only pictured the reality. How can these people ever see the clear sunlight? They can wade out into the middle of a stream, where they find one wide enough not to be overshadowed by forest; or they can find a place where a large tree has fallen and carried down with it a number of its lesser neighbors, thus letting the sunlight through to the earth; but, practically, these people only see dim glimpses of the sun through

the trees. Their houses are as different from houses of the Dwarfs which I have seen pictured as they could well be. They are simply sheds. Poles are placed one end on the ground, the other resting on a horizontal pole, supported on posts four or five feet from the ground. Across these poles small sticks are laid like lath on a roof, and on these are laid with wonderful skill the large leaves that serve as shingles. You would imagine that such a roof would leak; but when well made it is wonderful how it will turn water. These sheds are ten to twelve feet from front to back and anywhere from ten to twenty-five feet long. There are no walls; only sometimes the ends are partly closed by setting up branches of trees against the roof. The front is always open. These sheds are not built in any order, but are scattered about apparently at random. In these houses, if we can call such structures houses, these people live, eat, sleep on their beds of poles, and die. When game becomes scarce they simply move to a new place and in a few days have a new village.

When I came into the encampment of the Dwarfs I found a number of Mabea there from the coast, exchanging cassava for game. They looked rather put out at seeing me there, but the Dwarfs seemed rather pleased. They gathered around and gazed in speechless wonder, but I doubt whether their curiosity was greater than mine. Could I talk to them? I tried Bule on them. They replied modestly that they did not know Bule, but as they replied in a language very like the Fang of the Ogowe, I felt at home at once. A big and very consequential Mabea came up and offered to interpret my Bule into Mabea, but I promptly and emphatically declined his services. I had no difficulty in making myself understood. They answered questions about themselves without hesitation. The women and children were a little timid, but not more so than the Bule the first time I came among them. One little old man seemed especially intelligent and fearless. I put the question to him plainly, "Why do you live here in the bush like this and never come to see the white man?" He replied, with a side wink toward the Mabea man, "These people will not allow us to see the white man." I spent most of my time trying to solve a question the answer to which I have been seeking for years, viz: Do the Dwarfs have a language of their own, or do they speak the language of the tribe with which they associate themselves? I watched carefully to see if they spoke among themselves in a language I did not know, but heard nothing but Mabea and Fang.

These Dwarfs did not fit any description I have ever read of African pigmies. Some of them must have been five feet or more in height. Still, they were distinctly dwarfed in stature. The Mabea who stood by are rarely above medium height, yet they seemed very large compared with the Dwarfs. They were a distinctly lighter tint than the surrounding tribes, but I could not see any sign of the yellowish or reddish growth of hair on the body, of which some travelers have spoken. Certainly these Dwarfs were the lowest specimens of the human race I have yet encountered. Their jaws were much too large; their foreheads low and retreating; and I noticed especially that their foreheads and the tops of their heads were irregular and rough, instead of smooth and rounded. The lowness of their foreheads was emphasized by the size of their eyes. The children especially seemed to have eyes like saucers. The eyebrows, which were heavy, were, or seemed to be, farther above the eye than in other races. You can perhaps imagine the result. The eyebrow seemed to be in the middle of the forehead, and, worst of all, the brows did not always seem to be set on straight; not only did they slant inwards, but the two eyebrows on the same person did not, in some cases, appear to have the same slant. This must have been a mistake on my part, but certainly it seemed to me so. The upper part of their bodies seemed strong enough; but the abdominal portion was far too large for symmetry, suggesting gluttony, and their legs seemed to me crooked and weak.

On the whole my visit to the camp of the Dwarfs left on my mind a feeling of sadness, to think that human beings should live such a life. I tried to learn something of their religious ideas, but could not find that they differed from those of the Mabea. There are a vast number of these weak, harmless people in Africa and the Christian cannot but ask, How long will it take the slowly dawning light to reach these children of nature skulking with the beasts in the shades of these mighty forests?

Pray for us that we may be able to carry the blessed Gospel of light to these who are literally living in darkness.

A. C. Good.

A LAKAWN PRINCESS, LAOLAND.

I SEND you a picture of a princess with her gold rings, gold bracelets, earrings and anklets and golden threads woven all through her dress. She has her servants with her. There is a great work to be done among this class.

W. A. Briggs.

THE PRINCESS. FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. BRIGGS.

When I was leaving Lakawn to come home last year, I went one day to bid good-by to an old princess whom I had visited often in her own home, as she has some trouble in her feet and cannot walk well. She liked to listen to reading and was one of the few women in Lakawn who can read and has read a part of the Bible. As I came away she took my hand and said: "*Nai*, tell your mother that we *lend* you to her only—you belong to *us*. I want you to come back soon and teach me the way to heaven." The Lao people like to flatter and say things that they think will please us, and her words may have meant just that. Still, she often sent for me and, almost always, our conversation was about our religion and I think she was interested. Sometimes there would be twenty-five or thirty of her people about us as we talked, and they would ask questions, and, though some of them were only curious, I hope time will show that others were sincerely affected.

Kate N. Fleeson.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. JESSICA CARLETON'S NOTEBOOK, AMBALA, INDIA.

APRIL 3.—The goddess of smallpox is propitiated. Fine feasts are given to the Brahmins and to unmarried girls. One of my Hindu friends sent me a tray of six dishes. . . . A girl of eighteen came into the dispensary, and, in a simple, earnest, though shy way, said her husband loved another woman, and she was anxious that I should give him a "love potion" which should win him back to her. He often beats her. She had a singularly sweet low voice. She could not be persuaded that I had no such medicine.

At Sunday service came three such skeleton-like figures that I said, they belong to this starving land. Few are fully fed. But I find they are Brahmins. Two deaths in the family have required the women to fast for a year. Many die under this custom. Down country some castes are abolishing this fasting on the part of women. . . . A child was ill, and an offering of a little kid was made to the gods by setting it free before the tomb of a saint. The kid growing hungry wandered into a Christian house, where it was cared for. Friends of the sick child learning of this were much alarmed, for it was proof that the deity had not accepted their offering; to be accepted it should have died; something more valuable would now be necessary.

September.—From the 2d to 18th all Hindus perform ceremonies in honor of their dead, chief of which is to feed the Brahmins. My in-patients are wanting to go home, however ill they may be, to feed the fat, idle Brahmins and help on the souls of their dead. No one washes his head for sixteen days. If they do, the dirt they wash off will fly into the heads of their

dead relatives in Paradise and cause untold mischief.

October 3. — The "Husbands' Fast" among Hindus, Chumars and Sweepers. All virtuous wives and bethrothed maidens will spend the day without food or drink, in remembrance of their husbands. Widows are exempt. I discovered this custom while trying to make a patient take a dose of quinine, followed by a drink of water, which she refused. Four days after, all mothers will pour out a libation of water to the moon before their evening meal. If parents are dead, the eldest daughter performs the ceremony in behalf of her brothers and sisters, to bring good luck. I asked a devoted sister what good it would do—"Oh," said she, "I do not know, but the wise ones of the earth know, and so I do it."

In our new class of *dais* under instruction —all Mohammedans—one woman looked with deep interest at the frontal bone of the skull, then said with a disappointed air, "Where is the word of fate which is written by God in every forehead?" Nothing could make her believe that this is a true skull.

Old Rutai, a leper, was to have a cataract removed by Dr. Newton, who was visiting here. He had been asking me for weeks why I left him in utter darkness. He is a quiet, cleanly, white-haired old man, with few wants. When he was on the bed waiting for the doctor I was busy getting everything ready and supposed he was thinking of the trial before him. He spoke up and asked if there was a chair for the Miss Sahib, and insisted on my having one to sit on. Next day, having heard that he felt pain, I went over to put in atropia. He gave a sigh of relief and said, "You also go and get comfort." I shall never again say anything about the ingratitude of the lepers.

At the Sunday special service in the city dispensary not only the poor, but often our most wealthy neighbors, with heavy gold bangles and necklaces, silken skirts and gay veils, come to listen, and return the next Sabbath to repeat their text or lesson and receive a picture card with a verse in the vernacular printed on it (sometimes by hand). Advertising cards with text on a bit of paper over the advertisement do nicely. This gives opportunity for special texts for special cases.

TESTIFYING TO THE GRACE OF GOD. II.

TWO JAPANESE GIRLS.

We have been permitted of God in His providence to witness several deaths among His followers here which have borne signal testimony to His saving power and grace.

On the first day of last December Miss Mary Allen West, of Chicago, died at our house after being ill here eight days. You have seen notices of her life and death which leave not a doubt behind of her perfect salvation.

A few days after Miss West's death we were called to attend the funeral of a young girl who had been a pupil in our school. During her sickness she gave every evidence of being prepared to enter the eternal world and inherit the crown of life. With perfect calmness and real joy she spoke of her "going away." Her assurance of the salvation that awaited her was undisturbed as death approached, on the contrary it was strengthened. One beautiful thing that she said was addressed to a lady missionary whom she especially loved. In the prospect that she would reach heaven before her teacher, she said: "If God will let me, I will come to meet you when it is your time to die." Her faith was such an evidence of the things not seen that her heathen mother's heart was awakened to an interest in these things.

In January, another young girl was called from this earthly life. A month before, at her own request, she had been baptized. When she was taken ill and a doctor called, she astonished him by saying that she did not want his medicine, for she did not want to live; she wanted to go to heaven. Her illness after becoming serious lasted perhaps three weeks. During most of that time she could not lie down with any comfort, and most of her nights were sleepless. She would not let others sit up with her, saying they could do nothing for her. During those wakeful hours she read her Bible and sang gospel songs. So, though hardly more than a child (fourteen years old), those night watches were hours of praise and communion with the Lord. Her whole soul seemed turned toward God and heaven as her hope and desire. She assured us, time and again, that she was clinging and would cling to Jesus as her Saviour, no matter

what happened. She told the writer this only a few hours before she died. On January 21st she became suddenly much worse. Every breath seemed a groan for release. "I hope the angels will come and carry me home to-night," was her oft-expressed desire that day. The Japanese have a way of carrying children upon their backs instead of in their arms as we do. She seemed to be most comfortable when carried in this way. An attendant was stooping down for her to get upon his back; she stood up, arranged her dress, and was in the act of putting her arms around his neck to be borne off, when a change was seen to come over her face. Her mother caught the falling form of her daughter and resting her head upon her breast asked: "Have the angels come for you, Haru?" She nodded, "Yes," and with one or two quivering breaths her spirit was gone. Where? Can any one doubt that she was "borne," like another we read of, "by angels into Abraham's bosom?"

Thomas C. Winn.

A PRELIMINARY VISIT TO KERMANSHAH, PERSIA.

Mr. Hawkes and I are planning to spend the coming winter in Kermanshah, to open up work there. It is an important place, on the direct road from Teheran to Baghdad, and at present the people manifest a friendly disposition towards us. Of course we shall not be able to take all the home comforts we have in Hamadan, but we shall follow good examples in relinquishing some of these. Paul did not carry his about with him, and I daresay it was suffering from cold that made him beg Timothy to bring his "cloke." We can do without most of our books, pictures, dishes, and lamps for a time.

Kermanshah is five days' caravan journey from Hamadan. Do you realize what getting ready for a caravan journey means? Food must be prepared for coming days, beds and bedding, medicines, provision for accidents to one's self or one's belongings, nails, twine, candles, matches and a kitchen outfit. We must set up housekeeping every evening, although the light of the next day's sun will look in on Apartments to Let,—for before the East grows white we shall

> "Fold our tents, like the Arabs,
> And silently steal away."

That bag of straps and strings. What should we have done without it one morning early, when Dick kicked over the tongue and broke it into three pieces? Mrs. Timorous was wondering if we must drag the wagon on to the next halting place, when Mr. Ready-for-Emergencies said, "I came prepared for this very thing," and, addressing himself to the little black bag, drew therefrom five good straps, with which he bound up the broken tongue so that it brought us through. But we knew these straps would vanish were darkness to settle down on them in the place where the wagon must be left, so every night the pole was unscrewed and put into a safe place near our room. Each day's journey taxed our strength to the utmost, but the night's sleep refreshed us, spite of fleas and sand flies.

Friday found us in a village called Sahna. The eye revels in the beauty of the spreading walnut trees which grow luxuriantly in the gardens here. There are also fruit trees in abundance, the usual willows and poplars, a grove of beautiful elms, and sycamores here and there. This wealth of foliage is accounted for by the position of the village, sheltered behind a hill which has a fine supply of springs.

When the people came to take away skins and jugs of the clear water we found opportunity to speak of Him who said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." If I could only paint for you the group that gathered around me Sunday evening as I sat on the low wall! Little girls with soft, pretty faces, young women with heavy water-skins to carry home, older women, loud-voiced and coarse in their talk, and one pleasant-faced little old woman, gray-haired and blind. She had herself led down the hill and through the stream, hoping somebody had come from the great unknown world outside who could give back her lost sight. I tried to tell her of Him who could give her sight of Heaven, but she only smiled and said, "Yes, oh yes; we accept Jesus and Moses and all of the prophets." Not a woman in the village could read.

Next day we stopped at the foot of the rock which has the world-famous inscription of Behistun. For 2,400 years the work of Darius, standing out on the face of the

ONE OF TWO ARCHES AT TAGH-I-BOSTAN (ARCH OF THE GARDEN). EQUESTRIAN FIGURE OF CHOSROE II. IN LOWER SPACE. WINGED VICTORY IN THE SPANDREL. CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION ON OUR RIGHT. [FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

rugged cliff, has kept watch over the crystal spring which flows from under the rock. Next morning we set out before dawn, the great dark mass of rock looming large in the starlight, and Orion marching proudly through the heavens. A man on horseback preceded us, carrying a lantern to show the caravan road through the wide plain. We met donkey loads of charcoal, and presently the sun rose and we sped along through low ground, where Eliauts had pitched their tents and were feeding their flocks.

The last time we visited Kermanshah, in 1888, we were met about five miles out by a son of the Vakeel-i-Dowlah in an English carriage with outriders. Now he is in London pursuing his studies, and his older brother holds the place and title of the tall, dignified, handsome father in Arab garb who entertained us on the former visit. He died a few months ago, and his body, temporarily interred, waits for the return of his younger son before it shall be sent to repose in the sacred dust of Kerbelâ. Although we arrived unannounced, no sooner did the Vakeel-i-Dowlah learn of our presence in town than he insisted on our leaving the place where we had settled down and taking a house and yard he placed at our disposal. He acted most kindly toward us, inviting us to dinner, sending presents of food and fruit, and taking us out to Tagh-i-Bostan, which bit of ancient history, with its memories of Shapur and Chosroe, the former Vakeel-i-Dowlah purchased.

Dr. Holmes has a friendship of years' standing with the Governor, one of the most able men in the kingdom, and by virtue of that I was invited into the *anderoon* to meet the daughters of His Excellency. It was very oriental walking through the streets to the Government House; two solemn servants preceded me, a maid, borrowed for the occasion, and a servant followed. The ladies were very gracious, and the younger one extremely pretty. Everything was dainty and attractive, and in the conversation there was none of the unutterable coarseness which is such a trial. Yet, withal, the older sister told me that her husband had beaten her on the head, and said, "You do not have that in your country." I get universal assent to the superiority of the teachings of our Book on the subject of woman and marriage; but never since coming to Persia have I heard a woman speak so plainly as a beautiful lady whom I met here. She having no children, her husband had taken other wives, and she is very sad. She said, "Your Prophet did well for your women; ours did not. *I shall have words with our prophet when I see him in the other world* for his giving men permission to have a plurality of wives." I saw that she still has a Testament I gave her five years ago. It is put up with her French clock and bric-a-brac, kept, I am afraid, for show, not for use.

But it is the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit, and you and I cannot tell how or when He will use it.

I fancy we shall often feel as lonely at Kermanshah this winter as the stork looked which I saw standing in melancholy fashion in the bed of the river the day we drove in. But it will be pushing the outposts a little farther in the name of our Leader, and there

is inspiration in that thought. Darius has written at Behistun: "I am Darius the King, king of kings, king of Persia, the great king of the Provinces, the son of Hystaspes." But there is another, whose name is written "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and He is the Son of God. "His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

Belle S. Hawkes.

DEDICATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MISSION HOUSE.

October 23d was a "red letter" day for the Occidental Board. The new Mission House was dedicated to God by Synod, free of debt, the venerable Dr. Burroughs of the city giving the last hundred dollars before the service began.

A truly oriental scene was presented from early morning till the hour of service, 2.30, as a stream of Chinese girls from old "933" continually passed across the street to new "920," bearing brooms, chairs, flowers and vases, with which to arrange and beautify their new home.

The cheerful, spacious assembly room, where services were held, has been furnished by the "I. H. N." Society of San Francisco, and upon the walls was hung a beautifully carved motto, in California wood, "In His Name shall the Gentiles trust," the loving work of Miss Jessie Ames in memory of her father.

Upon the platform was our loved President, Mrs. P. D. Browne; at her side the Chinese Consul-General and suite, arrayed in gorgeous silk robes, touched elbows with members of Synod. Christian clergymen, consecrated women and heathen dignitaries met on a common ground of sympathy, in behalf of helpless Chinese womanhood.

In a brief speech, accompanied by many polite bows and smiles, the Consul-General thanked the friends for their kind efforts in this good work, and wished them still greater prosperity for the future, which pleasant words were interpreted by his intelligent, bright-faced secretary.

The babies sang "Rejoice in the Lord," the little girls gave verses to the Consul and others, present and absent, and sang hymns in Chinese and English. Though absent in body, our dear Miss Culbertson was present in spirit as we looked at the results of her noble work, and we trust she will speedily be restored to health and strength.

After many dangers threatened and a hard struggle, brighter times are dawning for the Occidental Board, and a spirit of rejoicing prevailed from the dedicatory prayer by the Moderator of Synod to the closing prayer by Rev. Ng Poon Chew, Miss Baskin's former pupil in the Occidental School.

E. K. L.

A BRAVE BRAZILIAN WOMAN.

"Why don't you tell the story about that brave woman?" quoth my sister, who had just scanned the manuscript that is going by this mail to Dr. Dennis. "Because I have reached the limit of two thousand words, and space in *The Church* is rigorously limited."

There was no room for that woman in *The Church at Home and Abroad.* Where shall she go? How good it is that in these modern times when a woman is crowded out of church she can go to work for woman.

For a week of years this woman to whom I refer, and her husband, had fed upon the Word of God. But I had never heard of Dona Margarida when six months ago I handed the names of half a dozen men to a colporteur of the American Bible Society, saying: "Look up these men, whose request to see a minister of the Gospel in their region is of long standing."

When the colporteur lighted down from his horse at the farm known as *Fazenda Flores*, a woman said: "Now I know that God hears prayer, for he has brought to our door a brother believer." She and her husband, with an aged man to whom they had taught the way of the Lord, were received to profession of their faith in March of 1893, and, with her seven children, were baptized. They saw no pastor again until June. On return trip from Munda Novo (see *Church at Home and Abroad*) I reached *Fazenda Flores* (*Plantation Flowers*) on the eve of St. John's Day, and there learned that a special messenger had

been out that day from the neighboring town of Orobó Grande to persuade them to dissuade me from going into the town. Our brother, Captain Raymundo, replied that I would probably obey the Master, who said: "Go ye into all the world," and that he was ready to go with me.

The same messenger came again on Saturday morning, bearing letters from the authorities to the effect that armed men were in possession of the town, and they were powerless to defend us against these "defenders of the faith," who had come on the summons of the Vicar to repel the man who was "come to tear down the cross, break open the church, and profane the holy images." He was told to return to the authorities with the message that we could not desist from our right to preach the Gospel in Orobó at the bidding of lawless men. An attempt to play upon our fears roused Dona Margarida to say to the messenger—the public school teacher—that "not only would her husband accompany the pastor, but she, too, would go, taking with her all her children, that if one died all would die together." Later in the day a special courier dropped a card to say that the authorities could do nothing and begged us to "avoid the bloodshed which was determined upon." Seeing her husband wavering in his mind at the prospect, the mother of seven little Christians affirmed that if the pastor did not at this time preach the Gospel in Orobó, then she would go with her boys and sing it in the public square!

Meantime came the person whose house had been offered for worship, to say that the Justice of Peace had forbidden its use for that purpose. The colporteur, whom I had sent into the town, returned, reporting that his books had been snatched away by armed men (in the house of the chief authority of the place), who bade him be glad to escape with his life. He replied that he had learned from his Book not to be afraid of them that kill the body, and he would be back with his pastor on the next day. "You shall die, both of you, at the bridge" (a stream runs at the foot of the slope on which Orobó lies), was their ultimatum.

Sabbath, June 25, dawned peacefully. While at breakfast, the same courier who had passed on Saturday to the county town, some thirty miles distant, returned, having ridden all night, and handed me a friendly letter from the sheriff assuring me of his good will and desire to protect my life, but he had no means of reaching the scene of action with his posse in time. He begged that we would be content to invite the people to come to the farm for preaching, and avoid a public meeting in the town. Accepting this as good counsel, I said to the colporteur alone, "If any one is to suffer it should not be the family whose guests we are. Let us go before them and reach the bridge first." We walked the three miles praying and praising, and passed the Rubicon without seeing the enemy. Two friendly men appeared first. They invited us to rest in their house, saying that the most dangerous characters had been persuaded to leave town. Soon our friends from the farm overtook us, and we proceeded with them into the public square, amidst groups of men armed with sticks and staves, guns, pistols and knives, to the house of the chief authority. He was trembling with fear at the frowns of men who had crowded in behind us, and when we rose to go, after we had first sung a hymn of praise to Christ, he said to me: "My advice to you is to leave town as quietly and quickly as you can, for although I have instructions to defend you, I have no power." "Leave town!" said the brave little woman at my side; "Oh, no! I am going to present my pastor to my friends. Let us go, Senhor Chamberlain." So saying, she led the way, through lowering faces in the corridor and groups of hesitating men on the streets, from door to door, inviting the families to worship with us at the farm. In two homes we were asked to hold worship; which we did. In others we sang some of the songs of Zion. I had carried a rose from the farm, which a group of children on the street coveted. I agreed to leave it in their hands, but we first sang with them a translation of "Come to the Saviour; make no delay." Soon after a bouquet was handed by a friendly woman to Dona Margarida, who at once distributed to each of us a flower. A white one fell to my lot, called *espera*, which said to me: "Wait on the Lord and be of good courage." When we had spent three hours in this informal kind of worship, we left by the road we came. We were followed by so many that the farmhouse would not hold the numbers who came to hear the Word of God and to witness the profession of another brave young woman, Dona America.

Geo. W. Chamberlain.

THREE INSTANCES FROM SYRIA.

I.

The mission preacher at Deir Mimas is very earnest and has been most successful. This enraged the papal bishop and he got up a false charge against him, of causing the death of a child. The testimony of the parents to the contrary did not avail with a court that had "eaten the bishop's money." The case was appealed to Beirût more than a year ago. Court said there was *no* case against the Protestant, but kept the preacher waiting for the decision till, finally, in the spring, he went off with the promise that "to-morrow" it should be given. "To-morrow" did not put in an appearance. The preacher preached and scattered gospel seed. He attended Presbytery at Alma. Returning, a large gang of robbers surrounded him and his fellow traveler and carried off his hard earned salary, just received, and all their belongings,—caps, shoes, socks, leaving them with thin summer shirts in which to continue their journey. Then the Beirût court sent in their judgment: "Two years' imprisonment." Friends of the preacher appealed to the government house. "True, it is a false judgment, easily broken, but we never saw the color of your money; we knew this decision would make you show up." Such is justice in this land. You can buy it.

II.

A singular offer was made to one of our missionaries the other day. It shows how crass the ignorance is of some who are supposed to know us.

Awhile ago a counterfeiting establishment was broken up in a papal convent. The abbot fled. Twice they have had his funeral. The first time the fraud was discovered. The second time his effigy was buried. The abbot is in Europe. The counterfeiting apparatus was mostly captured by government, but one of the dies for making gold Turkish pounds still exists. A man approached one of our Zahleh missionaries with an offer to bring the apparatus to his house and, under protection of his roof, to coin the gold and share with him the profits!

III.

When Dr. Harris and Mr. Nelson made their late tour to the North, they stopped under large trees near a certain Moslem town. The doctor took one tree, Mr. Nelson and the helper another. The latter began to read the Bible aloud. A crowd gathered and were saying "Amen" to all he read. "What book is it?"

"The *Torat* and *Enjeel*." (Old and New Testament.)

"We never heard it before. Read on. Whose book is it?"

"It is God's Word."

"We know only the Koran as God's Word."

"But the Koran says the Bible is God's Word."

"Well then, read on."

But the religious sheikh came running up and calling out, "What is this? Stop! Stop!"

"Why, sir, we are only reading from God's Word."

"No, you are liars. Only the Koran is God's Word."

"Bring a Koran and we will show you where it says this book is God's Word."

The sheikh ran for his Koran, stipulating that the reading be stopped till his return. Then chapter and verse were cited and read, and the victory won and all sat listening for the first time to God's word of the Old and New Testament. Several copies were sold and the people had new food for thought.

Samuel Jessup.

The great mosque El Amweh, the most revered edifice in Damascus, with its ancient libraries, was laid in ashes, October 14. It stood on the supposed site of that House of Rimmon where Naaman bowed with his master, where, afterwards, was erected the immense cathedral which, in turn, became a mosque. Over the doorway was still preserved the Greek inscription "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom!" Telegrams to Europe conveying intelligence of the fire were forbidden by Government, and some Moslems are now saying it is a judgment from God for allowing a railroad to be built through Damascus. The fire was caused by carelessness in repairing the roof, and left standing only walls and one minaret.

The Niger Mission (English), which opened so hopefully a few years ago under the lamented Wilmot Brooke, is absolutely without European missionary, the last members having withdrawn to save their lives.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

MEXICO.

AN ALPHABETICAL BEGINNING.

MRS. CAMPBELL, who went to Mexico a few months ago, wrote from ZITACUARO, November 22, 1893:

While we were at the hotel I had considerable time at my disposal, and spent some of it in visiting families whom I knew to be members of our Church, sometimes coming across one who was not. I took the names of all these, and found out if the children were baptized. These names are all in my book alphabetically. Since I can talk in Spanish only brokenly, I would read a passage and then ask them to pray. In no house where I visited thus was there a floor other than the ground. Their beds were boards with a mat on them, or a mat on the floor. This has been preliminary work, getting acquainted with members of the Church. I was interrupted in it by moving and am just getting into it again.

NURSING, SUNDAY-SCHOOL, SEWING SOCIETY.

At one home I gave a daughter some medicine from our now famous homœopathic medicine case, and it is quite amusing to see the different cases that have since come to be cured. One man had a growth over one of his eyes. To-day a woman came who can hardly breathe; I looked over my doctor books, and finding what I thought she needed, went home with her and administered a hot foot-bath (I always prescribe baths, if nothing more), and put a hot poultice, made of unbaked tortillas, on her chest. I then spread out her palm-leaf mat on the floor, and put her to bed under a sheet and pair of blankets which I had brought with me, after giving her a little medicine and leaving her more. The woman living in the same house prayed for her recovery. From the explicit description you can imagine about what we are doing in this line.

The Sunday-school consisted, when we came here, of one general class taught by the pastor. Few children came, and those that did, not being able to understand, could do little more than play or sleep. Sunday before last I started a children's class. There were eighteen present, and last Sabbath twenty-eight. I sent to Rev. Mr. Wright, of El Paso, Texas, for some Spanish cards for each Sunday, but have not heard from them yet. We are planning to celebrate Christmas with a tree, and Mr. Campbell will give a few magic lantern pictures of the early life of Christ.

The notice was given out for the first time in prayer-meeting, this afternoon, of a sewing society of the women of the church, in which we shall first have a meeting for worship and then make clothes for the children. These we wish to sell, but so cheaply that even the poorest can buy. If they do not pay something they will not care much for them. I hope the parents whose children go half clothed will avail themselves of this opportunity. My plan is by means of this to give employment to some needy persons. I shall set them to work on bags for the tree, too. We shall have one person read to us while we sew. They need enlightenment in all ways. We wish each to report any case of sickness she may know of, and then I can have one of them go with me to visit such. I long in some of these visits to be able to say to stricken ones, as did the apostles, "Jesus Christ hath healed thee; take up thy bed and walk."

The women here think I am very strange, there never having been an American woman here before. They come up and feel of my dress, and I can never go to the plaza or market but there is a group of children following me. Then I wish I had some pretty little floral Spanish tracts to give them.

We are finding many friends here and much work, a healthful climate and pretty country. Now that we are in a home we find great pleasure in our work.

INDIA.

MISS ORBISON wrote from SAHARANPUR, September 28, 1893:

This seems to be a year of plenty, at least about here. A man paid ten rupees for our guavas early in the season, and he set up his thatch under the trees and took up his abode to watch them night and day, and set his children about the place to drive off poachers and chase away the crows. But it has turned out that guavas are so plenty they sell for a song. The most expensive are about twenty for a *pice*.

NATURE AND ART.

The country looked beautifully green as we came riding down from the Hills two weeks ago. D—— is said to look like an overgrown churchyard, but this year it was beautiful with its variety of feathery wild

grasses in the fields and the tall bamboo clumps. About here we have more singing birds than I have heard anywhere in India. Storks and water birds, too, and pigeons and doves.

It seemed as if we could not get beyond the reach of civilization this summer. On a lonely Himalaya road we would find a bit of advertisement of the great clothing store in Calcutta, or we met a boy completely dressed in a lady's cast-off basque, with darts, seams and shirring; in some mountain village we would see a house built entirely of empty kerosene boxes marked "New York" or "Russia," the inside tin making the roof.

PEGGING AWAY.

I wish I had a photograph of the road to one of our girls' schools, where there is an arch over the city street, where an elephant is kept. It stands across the street whisking its trunk, the driver dozing full length on its back. We are having our own times with this new school. Like most things in their beginnings here, it is getting along slowly. But we think of Columbus and other far-sighted heroes, and are pegging away. We have everything to make it a success—a bright Bengali girl, the daughter of the leading elder in our church, to teach it; a delightful school-room in the upper verandah of a house in the center of the city, overlooking the cool courtyard with well; a good caller to bring the girls and take them home; and embroidery and sewing, as well as books, for the girls to learn. Its being new is against it.

Our work is a different thing and life is a different thing since we have our assistants, Misses Goddard and Moses, from the Dehra Training School.

MRS. ABBIE M. STEBBINS wrote *en route* from MEDITERRANEAN SEA, off Sicily, November 4, 1893:

As we can post letters at Brindisi to-morrow, I will let you know of our safe and pleasant journey thus far. Just three weeks to-day since we sailed from New York. Our party was divided, and we are six—Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Clark, Messrs. Simondson (from McCormick), Meek and Martin (from Princeton). All but Mr. Simondson are for North India. We met Mrs. Newton and daughters at London. They go overland to Marseilles and are due at Bombay one day later than we, about November 21. Our steamer, "Victoria," is bound for Sydney, and we change at Aden. After leaving New York we found we had another missionary party on board, Rev. and Mrs. Lytle and nine-year-old daughter, and two young ladies going to North India under United Presbyterian Board. When we parted at London (for they went overland) we felt we left our own.

There are about twenty missionaries with us on the "Victoria," some from the London Congregational Society, for China and Japan, some of the China Inland people. We have enjoyed English prayer service together in the morning, and Bible reading in the afternoon. Captain allowed one secluded end of the deck for this, saying he "didn't see, anyway, how we could get any enjoyment out of reading the Bible and singing psalms." But best of all are our own little prayer-meetings, the six of us, in the evenings, where together we have told the Lord our weakness, asking for His strength. All our farewell meetings (and we had a precious one in New York) and the letters from India, all urge that we go with the Holy Spirit and power to our fields. And, God helping us, we will claim His promise. We feel like Jacob when he said, "I cannot let Thee go except Thou bless me," and we know that you are asking the same for us. Ask on, dear friends. Of sight-seeing in England, off Gibraltar and at Malta we have enjoyed much, mixed, of course, with some alloy, attendant upon sea voyage.

PERSIA.

DR. JESSIE WILSON wrote from HAMADAN, September 9, 1893:

Saturday night, and I wish you had been with us this entire week. Your heart would have been alternately made sad and glad, and you would have praised God for the opportunity of working for His dear Son. I am a regular Persian; I can sit on the floor, I can eat everything they present to me if only I can tell them of Christ. One house I visited was a Mujtahid's. The lady was very nice, and there was an old Seyyid in the room. I invited him to take his "honoring" out of the room until I questioned my patient. I read to her from the third chapter of John, and explained it. Afterward the old Seyyid came in. The book was on the floor, so he asked what it was. I told him, and said "If you will permit I will read a little for you." I read the twelfth chapter of Romans. He became so interested that he bent over and listened. I left there and went to another house where were about twenty Mussulman women. So it was all the week—opportunity after opportunity.

We have a Mussulman boy studying medicine, and imagine my amusement when he told me that at the house where I had such a nice conversation with the Seyyid, the chief Mujtahid was concealed in the next room and heard everything I said. He told the medical student that I had come there and tried to make them Christians all in a minute. I said I certainly improved the opportunity, and if I go into their homes to relieve their ills they may expect that I will take my Bible and my message along.

One afternoon I visited a summer garden, and there were about twenty Moslem women there. I read to them the fifth chapter of Ephesians, and when I came to the part about loving their husbands they said "How shall we love this kind of men?" I thought so myself, but did not say so, and told them how to make better men of them. One woman who was very ill, also a Moslem, gave me an opportunity of showing kindness to her, and reading the

Word not only to her, but to the whole roomful of women. Each day as I go they say "Have you time to read the Book?" I have never had such opportunities as this week since I came to Persia. When I get my dispensary finished I shall have a place to see the women, which I have been longing for ever since I arrived.

CHINA.

MRS. DRUMMOND wrote from NANKING, September 26, 1893:

Our small girls in the school came almost in a body and applied for baptism, and though but one was accepted we know these little ones are striving to be Jesus' little disciples. In the lives of the women the Word is bearing fruit, and I have seen three at least who illustrated love, long suffering, faith, patience. They have a desire to consecrate their lives entirely to God's service. One of these is our faithful Bible woman. In spite of opposition and abuse outside, and the being "only one," she has visited and preached in the homes. Miss Lattimore and myself accompanied her on a trip to her country home last fall, and we saw her talk and plead with the women there until the perspiration stood in great beads on her face. (At the same time I wore a heavy winter coat). And so with many more of the women.

At least half our Chinese friends are down sick. The principal troubles are malarial fever and dysentery. Miss Lattimore and I are so glad we are strong just now and able to go on with our work.

DR. ANNA LARSEN wrote from ICHOWFU, August 22, 1893:

The chief object of my medical labors will be to bring souls to Christ, the object of all missionary work in China and elsewhere.

I am not able to practice yet, my time being spent in study of the language. Dr. Johnson, who has been here nearly three years, has the dispensary open every day except Sunday, and sometimes he is called in to some family, but not very often. We have no woman's consulting-room yet, but as soon as some repairs are finished the present women's room of the chapel will be turned into a dispensary.

It seems as quiet here now as before the riot. In fact, the women have been attending church and prayer-meeting in greater numbers than before.

AFRICA.

[Having visited the stations of Bata and Gaboon, the three ladies, Mrs. Reutlinger, Mrs. De Heer and Miss Christensen, on August 22, boarded the German steamer for the return trip, but first had to go as far South as Cape Lopez to discharge freight].

MISS CHRISTENSEN wrote from BENITO September 15 and 25:

As we went further South it became cooler each day, and I think it must be healthy down there. The sameness of this coast makes the journey rather monotonous. Here and there where the steamer calls, we see a few trading houses. The people have very little ambition, except when they roll rum barrels and the like to the factories; such an amount of it went on shore at the different places. The Roman Catholics have fine looking stations at Majumba and Loango. They always like to be where there are plenty of traders; you hardly ever see them in a lonely place. At Loango there are fine government buildings. In speaking with some of the traders regarding the work in the interior, they replied, "Yes, it makes a way for us, and we intend to follow right on."

At Bata we took our new "Willie" for Benito, and everybody seemed glad to have us back again, and while we enjoyed the trip and the visit with the missionaries, we are glad to be home; yes, glad indeed, and we hope the Lord will permit us to stay here a long time. The old bamboo house, containing prayer-room, store-room, and two others, is to-day pulled down, and we are not sorry. The native carpenter is here, and as soon as the foundation is laid he will begin the girls' house. It is almost too good to be true.

We shall be grateful for even the smallest amount the Christian Endeavor Societies may send us. We need, or would like to have, for our new school-room a globe, some maps and a clock. If they like to get maps, one of Africa is most desirable, and after that one of France, in French, if obtainable in America, or one of Palestine.

A WORD TO THE DOCTORS.

October 2.—This morning some women asked me if I would go to see a sick man who came down from Bata yesterday in a canoe, and who was unable to walk here. When I hesitated a little (it is not always easy to spare an hour or more, with so many girls to look after), two poor old women volunteered to carry him over to me, but I thought they had quite enough trouble with their own broken-down bodies, and so I told them I would go as soon as the tide was good. I found the man very sick, and it was not an easy matter to handle such terrible sores as his; but some one must do it. He is not a Christian. He has been the head trader for one of the firms at Bata, and I hope we may be able to bring him into the right way. A woman whom I treated a year ago was here at the last Communion, and it was a pleasure to see her bright, happy face. One of our Bible readers has been instructing her, and she at the same time is trying to lead her old mother to the foot of the Cross. One of my other sick ones is a Christian, and very patient. Many suffering ones have to be sent away with these words, "We can do nothing for you." Where are the doctors, men and women, of the various medical colleges? Trying to get a few cases at home where dozens are ready to take them up? Africa may not have a great name to offer their ambition, but they might receive many a grateful "thank you" from a radiant face.

HOME DEPARTMENT

PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY MEETING.—"IN CHRIST'S STEAD" IN CHINA.

Keynote Text.—As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. John 20:21. (Note 1.)

HYMN.—"Go labor on."

PRAYER.—For nearness, likeness and obedience to Christ.

BIBLE READING.—Theme "I send you."

(*a*).—**The Power of Him Who Sends.** Dan. 7:14. Luke 1:32, 33. John 3:35. Phil. 2:9–11. 1 Peter 3:22.

(*b*).—**His Commission.** Mark 3:14–15. Mark 16:15. Matt. 28:19.

(*c*).—**His Prayer for Those Whom He Sends.** John 17:11, 18–23.

(*d*).—**His Promise.** Matt. 28:20 (last clause).

HYMN.—"Go preach My gospel."

"In Christ's Stead" as Preachers. (Single voice read Luke 4:43.) (Note 2.)

Annual Report of Board of Foreign Missions. File *Woman's Work for Woman, Church at Home and Abroad,* June, '93, p. 431; July, '93, p. 59. *Children's Work for Children*, Feb., '93, p. 29. (Note 3.)

"In Christ's Stead" Among the Children. (Read Mark 10:14.) *W. W. W.*, Feb., '93, pp. 34 & 37; Sept., '93, p. 253; files *C. W. C.*, Feb. numbers. (Note 4.)

"In Christ's Stead" on China's Highways and Waterways. (Acts 10:38). *W. W. W.*, Aug., '92. *Ch. H. & A.*, Feb., '93, pp. 144 & 102; Aug., '93, p. 113. (Note 5.)

"In Christ's Stead" Among the Sick. (Matt. 11:5.) *Ch. H. & A.*, March, '93, p. 226; Feb., '93, p. 149; July, '93, p. 58. *W. W. W.*, May, '92, p. 133; April, '93, p. 90; July, '93, p. 193. (Note 6.)

CLOSING PRAYER.—That the Lord will place "God's men (and women) in God's place, doing God's work in God's way."

(Notes.)

1. Print clearly and put in conspicuous place in the meeting room.
2. Have map previously prepared (by a school boy or girl if possible). Place white crosses at the points where our own missionaries "preach the kingdom" in China.
3. Can be obtained from any Presbyterian Pastor.
4. Place white stars on map to mark schools (see Board's Reports).
5. For children (and even for their elders) cut out small pictures of wheelbarrows, shenzas, junks, sampans, etc., and place each conveyance on map, in section where most used by our missionaries.
6. Place red crosses where hospitals have been established. Though references have been given as mere suggestions, it is impossible to say how much interest will be added to the meeting if under each head additional items are discovered by original research. Let all facts be stated briefly and simply, "as friend talketh with friend."

EAGLEVILLE, PA. *Mary Lombard Brodhead.*

MISSIONARY TRAINING IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

To a very large degree the study of missions, their needs and accomplishments, are an elective among the children in our Sunday-schools. Not elective from their standpoint either, for they are obliged to depend wholly upon the opportunities we give them. The curriculum of study for a Sunday-school scholar is apt to be bounded, north, south, east and west, by explanation of the lesson for the day, memorizing the Golden Text, and occasionally a temperance lesson; but regular, systematic, year-by-year training in missionary work, with all that an intelligent interest in it implies of information and study, is fully as important, especially for boys, as the study of geography or history in day-school. Nay, more important, for if these studies have been neglected in their youth, and they find when they grow older that they would prove of practical benefit to them, they could more easily supply early deficiencies and would have a better chance of overtaking such knowledge than they will have of making up a lack of missionary knowledge. One hundred years of exploration may change our maps and

geographies very considerably, and materially extend the history of the world's events, but these changes are as nothing compared to the widening of the boundaries of the Christian world by our missionaries. To a large extent missionary work is making current history, and, as a matter of education, we do children an injustice when we leave them unacquainted with it, or give them the facts which are as thrillingly interesting as any book of adventures, in so dry and lifeless a way that they are only a mass of information, without form, and void to the childish mind of any definite meaning. It is not strange that it is the minority of Christian workers who are interested in missions. The only legitimate occasion of wonder is that ANY are interested in a cause which is left so almost entirely to impulse, or to a yearly reminder of its needs. What we want is systematic training of our children to intelligent interest in missionary work, keeping step with it as it advances. Especially do the boys need this training, for it is too well assured a fact that, although the missions are reinforced by consecrated men and the treasury is swelled by their large gifts, yet the weight of intelligence on the subject and larger number of givers are with the women, and the home side of the work is too largely carried on by them.

This ought not to be. It is of supreme importance to men how far Christianity and its twin, civilization, are advancing, both in our own country and across the seas. Missionary work increases our own possibilities in every direction and extends not only the Christian world, but the world of humanity. It ought not to be merely a church or denominational matter, but of vital interest to any one who wishes to see his fellow beings, of any race or color, rise in the scale of humanity. The ideal is that men should be posted in missions just as upon other matters of public interest; should know every step taken along the front, every point gained, and just where to give, with intelligent knowledge of the need of the gift. This is not a work to be left to women. It needs the enterprise, the wisdom, the energy of our business men. Practically we cannot have such men unless we begin with the boys. It should be a part of the Sunday-school plan to make full provision for training the children in missionary work. Beginning with the youngest scholars, teaching adapted to their ages should be given, and they should have the pleasure of feeling that they are enlisted in the great army of workers. There will be no falling off of interest as they grow older; it will only deepen, and they will enjoy the work, as many of us sometimes fail to enjoy it, for lack of time.

"I had the privilege of being associated for some years with a circle of boys as their Mission Band leader," writes a friend, "and my experience convinced me that we leave our best material unused when we leave the boys out of missionary work. Their gifts, intrinsically, may be of no more value than the gift of the little Jewish lad who brought his fishes and barley loaves to the Master, but who shall say that they will not be multiplied now, as then? They bring other gifts besides—splendid enthusiasm, energy, whole-souled devotion that makes it a perfect delight to work with them. These boys of whom I speak were little fellows in knickerbockers when we organized our Band. The enthusiasm with which they came to the first meeting never forsook them; rain or shine, there they were, brimming over with energy, ready for any work put before them. Five years brought them to the stature of men, but their boyish love for their band meetings only deepened as they grew older. Sometimes in the fishing season the hours for the meeting had to be altered to suit the young fishermen, and the tides had to be consulted; but still they came, in their flapping oilskins it might be, ready to go out in their boats the moment they left the meeting, with their interest in nowise distracted. In the ten minutes prayer-meeting for the country under consideration at each special meeting, their prayers showed a thoughtfulness and intelligent comprehension of the needs of mission work and the difficulties in the way of the missionaries, that one who did not know boys would hardly have expected from them. It seems to me that it is only fair to say it was a matter of course that these boys, who were so in earnest for the souls of others, should become, in consequence, Christians themselves. From the meeting when one of the boys half shyly prayed: "And grant, Lord, that while we are trying to make Christians of the heathen, we don't any of us get left ourselves," it was not very long before the last one of the Band had united with the Church, and become the reliance of prayer-meeting and helper of the pastor in every good work."

There is no training for general usefulness better than training in missionary work, though this is a selfish plea to urge. As either a teacher or band leader is handicapped by the necessity of trying to teach children of different ages and capacities at once, there should be bands enough connected with the Sunday-school to permit children of different ages to work together, and a missionary rally should bring them all together now and then, to compare progress and rouse enthusiasm. It ought not to be hard to find band leaders, for it is a privilege to have a share in such work among children. It is a task which never grows irksome, for their interest is ever fresh and their responsiveness is a continual stimulus. As a church we cannot afford to do without the childen's help, not so much for what it may be worth in the present, but because, if they are properly equipped now for usefulness, we shall have in a few years an army of missionary workers whose ranks will keep pace with the progress of years, and who will not be handicapped by ignorance and indifference, which are the greatest foes to the advancement of missions.

Mrs. George. A. Paull.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

COME Holy Spirit, come with power,
Show us anew the Saviour slain;
Impress on these dull souls of ours,
The ransom paid these souls to gain.

Show us anew the tender love,
The matchless pity of our Lord—
Until our hearts shall burn to spread
The story of that love abroad.

Oh, come! and let thy heavenly light
Illumine every breast within—
Open our eyes that we may see
The nations dying in their sin.

Come, quickly come! We idly sleep,
And lo, the shadows swiftly flee—
The Master cometh—shall He chide,
"*Ye have not done it unto Me?*"

Lucy Randolph Fleming.

A PHRASE TO BE ABANDONED.

THAT was a good expression in a Japanese girl's letter: "We placed our little gifts on the table for the Lord." Are any of our Children's Bands taught that they are giving money to the "poor missionaries?" Missionaries are the last people in the world to want gifts for themselves. They would gladly do without even that frugal salary of theirs, if it were not necessary for existence. Giving to the *missionaries?* It is they that are giving to us, all the time! Going forth for us; bearing and doing in our stead; giving the chance to us, from our comfortable homes and easy church life, to lift along with them on the grandest work ever given men to do.

Our gifts may be "for the poor heathen." They certainly ought to be, as this Asiatic girl has put it, "for the Lord;" but let us have done with that worn-out phrase, "Giving to the missionaries."

SUGGESTION CORNER.

FROM Piqua, Ohio:

My mother felt impelled to prepare the "programme" (for March meeting—Ed.) at once, and now thinks it providential that she did. She sent it in the morning, and at noon had a fall, spraining her right wrist so severely that she will not be able to use her hand for some time. Had she not done it immediately, she could not have done it at all.

THE programme furnished for "December" meetings was a last service rendered to foreign missions. The writer rested from her labors on December 4. In forwarding her copy, Miss Smith wrote in September: "If it meets the need of the societies, I am glad to have been useful in a small way." The night cometh.

FROM a Pennsylvania parsonage (with programme):

I can not tell you how I have enjoyed this bit of work. I got so much in love with dear jolly Mother Lane; so stirred up, in fact, over each department in the mission, that, after selecting my references, I was on the point of withholding them and telling the sisters they really could not afford to miss the inspiration of searching out their own facts.

FROM Dayton, Ohio, on Thanksgiving Day:

I cannot enjoy my Thanksgiving turkey unless I first thank you for the December number of *Woman's Work.* It is, I think, the very ——— copy we ever had. I sat

down to look it over just before "Now I lay me" last night, and finished it, all but advertisements, before I slept.

From Onarga, Ill.:

I have felt very strongly that if formality and excessive politeness were laid aside, and talks, "neighborly like," indulged in at our meetings, more friendliness of feeling and interest in the work would be excited. What a wet blanket is this sort of remark, "Is your item long? I'm afraid we won't have time to hear that to-day, there is so much, I wish we had more time"—to an enthusiastic soul. To a lukewarm one it is a quencher.

In striving for the ideal monthly meeting, do we not eliminate interest by insisting so strenuously upon brevity? Does not the prominence given to "short, brief, pithy, not too long" items result in scrappy impressions and confused ideas? Women lack confidence in themselves more than interest in missions, and the successful leader is one to draw out the best in every one present, exciting and sustaining interest in every part of the unwearisome programme.

From New York City:

Against Initials.—The Missionary Societies in many ways have invited the Church and individuals to offer fervent and constant prayer for their holy work, and the men and women who do it. When we seek to comply, we are confronted with a bewildering mass of initials in the names of those for whom we would plead, taxing memory beyond her power. The high priest when he entered the holy place to make intercession, bore the *names* of the tribes upon his heart. He could certainly pray better for Issachar and Naphtali than for "I." and "N." By all means let us have the names.

Let us revive the Corner. We thought of changing the name, but, "Suggestion"—that is just what it is. Friends, officers and High Privates, please suggest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Eshcol. By Rev. S. J. Humphrey, D.D. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto.) 180 pp., cloth, 75 cents.

The title indicates the object of this volume, viz: to present a cluster of ripe fruits gathered from the field of missions. In eleven chapters are grouped interesting sketches of Dhuleep Singh, Titus Coan's labors at Hilo, the Spaldings and Whitmans in our own country, and others. For those who have not time for complete histories this gives a taste of several, for very little money.

Also from Revell's: *Thomas Birch Freeman*, Missionary Pioneer to Ashanti, Dahomey and Egba. By John Milum, F.R.G.S.

This ought to be an interesting book because it is about a part of the world of which we hear little in this country, but it seems to be a reprint of an old-fashioned English work. In these days of fascinating missionary books it is not necessary to resort to such.

The *Calendar* for 1894 published by the King's Daughters, 158 West twenty-third street, New York. Price 50 cents, postage 5 cents.

Printed in colors, on imperial Japan vellum paper, with copy of Hoffman's head of Christ on first page, and with consecutive Bible readings for each month. An elegant calendar.

Historical Calendar for 1894. (Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.) 35 cents, postpaid; 7 x 5½ inches. Hanging calendar.

Not strictly denominational, gives considerable information, style very nice and neat, printed in two colors.

SINCE LAST MONTH.

Arrivals.

November 21.—At San Francisco (probably), Rev. W. C. Dodd and wife from the Laos Mission.

Departures.

November 10.—From Conway, Ark., Rev. C. C. Millar, to join the Mexico Mission.

November 21.—From San Francisco, Miss Fannie E. Wight, returning to the Shantung Mission, China.
Miss Carrie Rose, formerly of Tokyo, to join Miss Smith at Sapporo, Japan.
Rev. W. H. Lingle, returning to the Canton Mission.

November 29.—From New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Garvin and four children returning to Valparaiso, Chili.

December 9.—From San Francisco, new recruits for the Laos Mission, all from the same church in Wood River, Nebraska:
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Shields.
J. S. Thomas, M.D. (Elder), and Mrs. Thomas.
Miss Julia A. Hatch.

Deaths.

September 5.—At Oroomiah, Persia, from tubercular meningitis, Frances, aged 22 months, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Mechlin, of Salmas.

October 19.—At Chefoo, Shantung, suddenly, from heart disease, Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D., for forty years an honored missionary in China.

October 24.—At Teheran, Persia, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Wishard.

To the Auxiliaries.

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street.

Directors' Meeting first Tuesday of the month, at 11.30 A.M., and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, at 12 M., in the Assembly Room. Visitors welcome.

WEEK OF PRAYER. Meetings January 9–13, 1894, in the Assembly Room, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Tuesday, 12 M.—Thanksgiving for continual blessing on the work of foreign missions during the past year; confession of shortcomings, and prayer for speedy fulfilment of the promise: "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh." Wednesday, 12 M.—Prayer for God's blessing on the varied work, at home and abroad, of our own and all other Women's Missionary Societies. Thursday, 3 P.M.—Prayer for our missionaries and their children, that sufficient grace may be given them in the experiences peculiar to their work and life. Friday, 12 M.—Prayer that the governments of the earth may be brought into sympathy with those who are laboring to extend the kingdom of Christ; for the restoration of the Jews, and that God's blessing may attend the reading and teaching of his Word. Saturday, 3 P.M.—Prayer that young people of the Church throughout all her borders may become workers together with God in the upbuilding of his kingdom in all lands.

MAY the Week of Prayer, 1894, bring with it even more blessed influences than in previous years. To this end let all women within reach set apart the week so far as possible, and be present at many of the meetings. As usual, special attention is called to the *Thursday afternoon* meeting, asking those who are in distant places in our territory to unite with us in special prayer for our missionaries and their children.

ARE our Treasurers—Presbyterial, Auxiliary and Band—on the alert this closing quarter of the fiscal year?

RECEIPTS of our society to date are about $1600.00 behind those of last year. Systematic, conscientious giving will insure the three per cent. advance at which we are aiming. Try for it!

MRS. WM. E. KNOX spent the month of November in visiting societies connected with the Presbytery of Phila. She had attentive and interested audiences wherever she went. Missionary interest was aroused among some who had never before heard of the condition of women and children in heathen lands. She is now taking a well earned and needed rest.

PLEASANT indications of an increased activity in work among the young are seen in the giving of more time than usual to consideration of this department of our work at presbyterial meetings, and in the appointment of Young People's Secretaries in several presbyteries where there had been no such officer.

On the last Saturday of October the usual Children's Assembly was held under direction of the Young People's Branch of the Pittsburg and Allegheny Committee, an all day meeting, held this year in the Point Breeze Church. On the first Saturday of the month a similar gathering of the Bands of the Wilkes-Barre District of Lackawanna Presbytery was held in the Ashley Church. Such meetings give opportunity for many practical suggestions to the young people, and even the youngest feel the influence of numbers and are roused to an eager enthusiasm that gives an impulse to the work of the months that follow.

Take a Mite Box, price 30 cents per hundred, is a new leaflet by Mrs. W. E. Knox, intended to be used when distributing mite boxes.

PLEASE remember that mite boxes are free to Auxiliary Societies as well as Bands, subject, however, to postage at the rate of 2 cents for five boxes.

ENVELOPES for collection in Auxiliary Societies and Praise Meeting, free, except postage, 4 cents per hundred.

AS continued inquiries come concerning maps, we repeat the announcement that they may be rented for 25 cents each, exclusive of postage or expressage. We have maps of all the countries where the Board of Foreign Missions has stations. Apply to 1334 Chestnut Street, Phila.

QUESTION BOOK on *Africa* has been revised, and is ready for issue. Much interesting information in regard to missions of other denominations than our own has been added. Price 5 cents. Also a new edition of *The Social Element in Missionary Work*, price 2 cents, 15 cents per dozen, is now ready.

Get the Women, and *Other Sheep*, for Auxiliaries, each 1 cent, 10 cents per dozen. *Chinese Burden Bearers*, for the young, and *T'other and Which*, each 1 cent, 10 cents per dozen, are our latest publications, with the exception of *Take a Mite Box*, as noticed above.

WE earnestly hope that by the time this magazine is received we shall have in stock the valuable paper by Miss Ellen C. Parsons which was read by her at the Congress of Missions. Title: *History of Organized Missionary Work as Promoted by American Women.*

DO not forget to give hearty welcome to the new, yet old, magazine, *Over Sea and Land.* Send for sample copies freely.

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48 McCormick Block, 69 and 71 Dearborn Street, every Friday at 10 A.M. Visitors welcome.

BY accident, in making up the pages w-

suppose, two of the managers' names were omitted in the twenty-second Annual Report—those of Miss E. S. Stewart, of 51st Street, Chicago, who was elected last spring, and Mrs. C. G. Brownell, Synodical Secretary of Michigan, who has been a member of the Board since 1879. These omissions having been discovered, we make the correction here.

ARE our Auxiliaries keeping up and endeavoring to increase their gifts? Do not begin economies on the mission line. Let us all, if there is need, cut down somewhere else. Our Board of the Northwest is behind in its receipts. We must work to come up next April even to our last year's amount, when at this date our receipts were $31,026.61; this year, $23,892.49.

THE admirable paper by Miss Ellen C. Parsons, read at the Congress of Missions, *History of Organized Missionary Work as Promoted by American Women*, will be out as a leaflet very soon, but we cannot yet state the price.

WE again call attention to the missionary maps made by the Evanston ladies. Cloth, 6½ x 4½ ft. Stations of other denominations marked in colors. Maps of China, Mexico and Guatemala, India, Siam and Laos, Africa, Japan and Korea, Persia, South America and Syria, nine in all, price, each, $3.00.

THE paper presented by Mrs. Moses Smith at the Congress of Missions, *Woman under Ethnic Religions*, has been published in leaflet form, with references, page and book, and more accurately portrays the character of these religions than do addresses upon the general subject, which, while containing high-sounding phrases like "the brotherhood of man," omit to show the effects of all ethnic religions upon one-half the human race. We hope every society will order copies of this leaflet. Price, 3 cents each, 25 per dozen.

WE have also *Other Sheep*, 1 cent each, 10 cents per dozen. Address W. P. B. M., Room 48 McCormick Block, Chicago, Ill.

From New York.

Prayer-meeting at 53 Fifth Ave. the first Wednesday of each month at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and the reading of missionary letters, commencing at the same hour.

AT the November prayer-meeting, Dr. Lane, recently arrived from Brazil, gave interesting facts seeming to prove that mission stations where schools are established give promise of much greater permanent success than where none exist.

MISS ANNIE MONTGOMERY was advised to come home in order to put herself under the care of a good American dentist. She waited. Mrs. Hawkes returned to her station, having, during her vacation in the home land, taken a course of lessons in dentistry—so the mountain came to Mahomet. Everything was satisfactorily attended to.

"WHAT do people in America do with all our worn-out carpets?" was the question put recently to one of our missionaries.

BESIDES *T'other and Which*, we have added another leaflet for children to our stock—*Chinese Burden Bearers*. *How One Woman's Thank-offering Envelope Came to be Filled*, *Other Sheep Have I*, and *Theresa's Invitations* are also new.

AT a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of our Board, it was voted to recommend to each Secretary for Literature, that she notify each subscriber to *Woman's Work* subscribing through her, one month in advance, of the expiration of her subscription.

MRS. CONDICT can be secured to speak for our societies, by applying to Miss Janeway, 53 Fifth Avenue, New York.

IF societies writing to the Mission Rooms for information cared sometimes to put in a stamp for return postage it would cause quite a saving to our treasury.

From St. Louis.

Meetings at 1107 Olive Street, first and third Tuesdays of every month. Visitors are welcome. Leaflets and missionary literature obtained by sending to 1107 Olive Street.

IT is startling to realize that the new year is here—January, 1894!! To our workers of the Southwest, and to our beloved missionaries in the field, the officers at 1107 Olive Street send heartiest greetings and prayerful wishes for our work in this new year. Last April we promised to try to enlarge our coasts—Prayer, Faith, Steadfastness, Effort. Are we accomplishing this enlargement?

REMEMBER!! Annual meeting is not quite four months away. We are happy to announce that we have accepted a cordial invitation to hold it in Salina, Kansas, and thus a heart-felt desire will be accomplished that our dear Kansas sisters will have the inspiration and profit of an Annual Meeting in their midst—and may they all be present.

SYSTEMATIC Giving.—This should be the constant aim kept in view by all Auxiliary officers. Educate, pray, talk. Systematic Giving will solve all money problems connected with our great cause, and in the end it brings systematic consecration.

LET us begin this year, every woman of us, with a solemn, prayerful intention—to rouse some Christian woman, possibly a dear friend, from indifference to interest in missions.

THE Annual Praise Meeting of the Board was held this year, the week before Thanksgiving, in Dr. Brookes' Church, St. Louis. It was a precious meeting, with thoughts of all our missionaries and prayerful mention of them.

We do urge the observance in every Auxiliary of the praise and thank-offering service. Nothing draws our hearts so closely together, sends us refreshed and rejoicing onward, as this service. It is the jeweled clasp binding the golden circle of the year's work for our blessed Lord. Send to 1107 Olive Street for helps for such services.

THE reorganized Synodical Society of Indian Territory starts out with fresh vigor and zeal, with Mrs. C. R. Hume, President, and Mrs. E. H. Smith, Secretary. We are hopeful of good tidings from this society.

OUR Special Object Secretary has plenty of work yet to offer. Do hurry, dear young people in C. E. Societies, Bands, Sabbath-schools—and you in the Auxiliaries, Help! Help!! The year is running away. The needs are appalling. We must come to annual meeting with pledges fulfilled, with joy and gratitude. And NOW is the time to work.

From San Francisco.

Board Meeting, first Monday of each month, at 920 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10.30 A.M.; afternoon meeting and exercises by Chinese girls in the Home at 2 P.M. Visitors welcome.

THE following circular has been sent throughout California: "A Woman's Congress of Missions, under the direction of the Woman's Mission Boards of California, will be held in the Presbyterian Mission House, 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, March 9 to 11, 1894. Some topics to be considered: 'The Spirit of Missions—the Spirit of Christ,' 'Who is a Missionary?' 'America for Christ,' 'The Great Need in Missionary Work To-day,' 'The Student Volunteer Movement,' 'Christ and Christianity.'"

SOCIETIES desiring special topics treated at the Congress are invited to send them to the Committee. It is hoped that all women and young people interested in missions will plan to visit the Midwinter Fair during the session of this Congress. For further information, address: Committee for Congress of Missions, 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

A PRAISE Service was held in the new Mission Home on Thanksgiving Day, details of which will be given later. Surely a most appropriate day and service, and it came just as we had moved from the old to the new house. We have everything to be thankful for in connection with our work, and we do most humbly return our thanks unto God for all the way in which He has led us.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

ILLINOIS.
Decatur, College St., Bd.
Jacksonville, State St., Young Ladies.
Jacksonville, State St., Coral Workers.

IOWA.
Hazleton, reorg.

KANSAS.
Frankfort.

MISSOURI.
Moberly.

MONTANA.
Anaconda.

OHIO.
Alliance, Willing Workers.
Hubbard, Young Woman's Soc.
Trenton, Rays of Light.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Bloomsburg, S.C.E.
Germantown, 1st Ch., Jr. C.E.
McKeesport, Missionary Circle.
Meadville, Central Ch., Jr. C.E.
Philadelphia, Kensington, 1st Ch., S.C.E.; West Spruce St. Ch., Jr. C.E.
Philadelphia, Woodland Ch., S.C.E.
Pittston, 1st Ch., Jr. C.E.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from November 1, 1893.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE.— Baltimore, Boundary Ave., 12.08; Brown Mem'l, 40, Mrs. E. P. S. Jones Bd., 90; Central, 100; Covenant, S.C.E., 5; 1st S.S., 200; 2d, 28.16, R. H. Smith Bd., 5, Willing Hearts, 19.72, S.C.E., Jr., 4; Waverly, 25; Deer Creek Harmony, 10.85; Ellicott City, Rose of Sharon Bd., 35.62; Govanstown, 11; Hagerstown, 20, 606.43

CINCINNATI.—Cincinnati, 3d, S.C.E., 18; 5th, 30; 6th, 10; 7th, 23.60; Mohawk, 4; Mt. Auburn, 16.50; Walnut Hills, 96.35; Westminster, 20; Cleves & Berea, 15.38; College Hill, S.S., 30; Glendale, 11.15; Hartwell, 10; Lebanon, 14.55; Madisonville, 5.75; Morrow, 12; Pleasant Ridge, 10.70; Westwood, 15; Wyoming, 33.62, 376.60

CLARION.—Bethesda, Electric Lights, 5; Leatherwood, Y. L.B., 29.76; Penfield, 5; Punxutawney, 5; Richland, 15, 59.76

DAYTON.—Clifton, 9.20; Dayton, 1st, Y.L.B., 25; Dayton, 4th, 30; Mem'l, 15, S.S., 5; Wayne Ave., S.C.E., 17.47; Franklin, 10; Willing Workers, 47 cts.; Greenville, 20; Middletown, 15; Piqua, 14, S.S., 31; Reiley, 3; Springfield, 1st, 56; Springfield, 2d, 24, S.S., 40, Y.L.B., 20; Troy, 25, "2d Soc.," 18.75; Washington, 5; Xenia, 22.26, 406.15

HOLSTON.—Greeneville, 20; Jonesboro', 22, Gleaners, 7.20; Mt. Bethel, 15.60; Cheerful Givers, 13; Salem, 7.25, Y.L.C., 7; Timberridge, a lady, 1, 93.05

HUNTINGDON.—Lost Creek, S.C.E., 5.00

JERSEY CITY.—Arlington, 5, S.C.E.,10; Garfield, 21, S.C.E., 2; Hoboken, 50, Wood Violets, 20; Jersey City, 1st, 51.58, Steady Gleaners, 13.25; Jersey City, Claremont, 10; Jersey City, Westm'r, 14; Passaic, 1st, 69; Paterson, 1st, 50; Rutherford, 24.95; Tenafly, 40, 380.78

KITTANNING.—Apollo, 34.51, Hopeful Bd., 1.77, Faithful Workers, 1.22; Eldersridge, 14; Elderton, 48.70; Kittanning, 1st, 200; Leechburg, 40; West Glade Run, 25; West Lebanon, 5.30, 365.50

LIMA.—Findlay, 24.97; Lima, 27; Sidney, 25, 76.97

MARION.—Berlin, 13.95; Delaware, 52, Y.P.S., 100, Gleaners, 4; Marion, 43.15; Mt. Gilead, 11.50, 224.60

MONMOUTH.—Beverly, 30.00

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—E. Orange, 1st, S.S., 50; S. Orange, Trinity, 50, 100.00

NEWARK.—Bloomfield, 1st, 112.50; Bloomfield, Westminster, 112.50, Westm'r Bd., 30; Caldwell, 21.29; Montclair, 1st, 100, Y.L.S., 24, S.C.E., Jr., self denial, 5.63; Newark, 3d, Crusaders, 15; Calvary, 35, Inf. cl., 30; High St., 56.42; Park, 60; Roseville, 20; South Park, 99.32, 721.66

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Amwell, 1st, 34; Amwell, 2d, 16.60; Flemington, 20.02, Gleaners (E.B.V.F.), 50; Milford, 30; New Brunswick, 1st, 25; Pennington, 11.20, Anna Foster Bd., 18; Trenton, 1st, 250, Golden Hour Circle, 25; Trenton, 5th, 15; Trenton, Prospect St., 30, 524.82

PARKERSBURG.—Grafton, 7.75, Hervy Bd., 9, Willing Workers, 4.25; Ravenswood, 10.66; Spencer, 2.50; Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, 5, 39.16

PHILADELPHIA.—Collected by Mrs. W. E. Knox (of which a special gift, 100) less expenses, 155.09

STEUBENVILLE.—Bethel, 32.97; Buchanan, 22, Corbett Bd. 4.53; Cross Creek, 28.75; East Liverpool, 2d, 20; Long's Run, S.C.E., 27.50; New Hagerstown, 8; Potter Chapel, 5.25; Ridge, 28.21, Oasis Bd., 19; Scio, 13.69; Steubenville, 2d, 50, Y.L.B., 3, Idaho Bd., 25, Missionary Cadets, 10, Little Light Bearers, 3.50; Steubenville, 3d, 20; Uhricksville, 15; Wellsville, Morning Star Bd, 18; Yellow Creek, 18, 372.40

WASHINGTON CITY.—Anacostia, 3.31; Falls Ch., 20, Band, 25; Hyattsville, 5, McIlvaine Bd., 10, S.C.E., 10, Y.L.B., 20; Washington, 1st, 29.25, Young Woman's Bd., 10, Primary cl., 5; 4th Ch., 12.27; 6th Ch., 17, Cheerful Givers, 35; 15th St., 6; Assembly, 10; Covenant, 25; Gunton Temple Mem'l, 23; Gurley Mem'l, 25, M. Campbell Bd., 10; Metropolitan, 75, Mateer Bd., 10; New York Ave., 46, Youth's Soc. (S.S.), 100

Bethany Bd., 15, Bethany Boys, 4.38; North Ch., 12.50, Band, 7.50; Western, 17.20; Westminster, 10.50, S.C.E., 10.50, 609.41

WOOSTER.—Apple Creek, 8.50, Light Bearers, 7; Bellville, 5; Canal Fulton, 20; Congress, 20; Creston, 9; Doyleston, 4; Fredericksburg, 16, S.C.E., 10; Hayesville, 11; Jackson, 4; Mansfield, 5.05; Millersburg, 10; Savannah, 7.50, Y.L.B., 5.50, Pearl Seekers, 15; Wayne, 24.93; Wooster, 1st, 21, Y.L.B., 15; Westm'r, 32.78, 251.26

LEGACY.—Miss F. C. Elliott, dec'd, Pittsburg, Pa., 500.00

MISCELLANEOUS.—Gwinned, Pa., Bright Jewels, 3.25; Manayunk, Pa., Mr. Samuel H. Brown, 300; Pittston, Pa., a friend, 25; Youngstown, O., Thank off., 40, 368.25

Total for November, 1893, 6,266.89
Total since May 1, 1893, 30,135.92

The Pres. Soc. of Newcastle has sent a box to Mrs. Ferris, India, valued at 177.30.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*
1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Dec. 1, 1893.

Receipts of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Northwest to November 20, 1893.

BELLEFONTAINE.—Belle Centre, 4.50; Crestline, 3.15; Kenton, 11.29; Spring Hills, 10; Upper Sandusky, 3.25, 32.19

BLOOMINGTON.—Bloomington, 2d, 70; Onarga, C.E., 10; Philo, 41.57, 121.57

CAIRO.—Bridgeport, 20; Centralia, 7, Y.L.S., 3.50, C.E., 10.50, Jr. C.E., 3; Duquoin, 31; Linn, Wabash Ch., 23; Metropolis, 1; Sumner Union Ch., 4.38, 103.38

CEDAR RAPIDS.—Blairstown, 14.15, Y.L.B., 2.30, C.E.S., 11.50; Cedar Rapids, 1st, 50, Holmes Band, 14; Clarence, 5; Onslow, 3; Wyoming, C.E., 6, 105.95

CHICAGO.—Austin, 55.50; Chicago, 1st, 56.75; 2d, 76.75; 3d, 100; 4th, 193.56, Y.W.S., 147; 5th, 40, S.S. Birthday Box, 10.70; 6th, 72.95, C.E., 20; Ch. of the Convenant, 10.25; Erie St. Chapel, C.E., 25; 1st. Scotch Ch., C.E., 25; Evanston, 1st, Y.L.S., 50; S.S., 80; Hyde Park, Y.P.S., 20; Lake Forest, 53.66; Mrs. S. J. Rhea, 10, Y.P.S., 15.50; Wilmington, 9; Income from Real Estate, 674.74, 1746.36

CORNING.—Afton, 4; Bedford, 4.35; Clarinda, 5, Pilgrim Band, 15.33; Corning, 7.65; Emerson, 3.25; Lenox, 4.31; Malvern, 15; Red Oak, 3.05; Shenandoah, 8, 69.94

DENVER.—Denver, 23d Av. Ch., 10; Central Ch., Y.L.S., 60; Westminster Ch., 2.43; Hyde Park Ch., 1.13, 73.56

DETROIT.—Ann Arbor, 45, Y.L.S., 15; Birmingham, 5; Detroit, 1st, 80, S.S., 51.87; Baker St., S.S., 30; Mem'l Ch., 15.86; Trumbull Av. Ch., 37.25; Westm'r Ch., 75, Westm'r Bd., 10; Milford, 16.50; Northville, 9.35; Pontaic, 53.12, Y.L.S., 7.50; Springfield, 5; White Lake, 10; Ypsilanti, 33, C.E., 17, 516.45

FT. DODGE.—Bancroft, 8.31, Little Addison's Gift, 50 cts.; Boone, 20.82, C.E., 35.19; Burt, 5.82; Carroll, 1.71; Churdan, Lily of the Valley Band, 10; Dana, 14.40; Glidden, 22.80, C.E., 9.70; Grand Junction, 18.22, C.E., 3; Jefferson, 10, S.S.M.S., 9; Lake City, 10; Laurens, 3.65; Livermore, 6; Lohrville, 10.71; Paton, 4.85; Plover, 2.91; Rockwell City, 10.82; Fonda, 2; Pres'l off., 4.42, 224.83

HURON.—Clyde, 5.91; Fostoria, 22; Fremont, 9.70; Monroeville, 8; Norwalk, 11.15; Republic, 3,40; Sandusky, 16.26, 76.42

INDIANAPOLIS.—Indinapolis, 2d, Mr. William S. Hubbard, 500.00

IOWA.—Birmingham, 8.26; Bloomfield, 3.09; Burlington, 83.20; Ft. Madison, 7.05, S.S., 12.50; Kossuth, 20; Keokuk, Light Bearers, 5.13; Libertyville, 3.60; Middletown, 10; Mediapolis, 10; Morning Sun, 5; Montrose, 4; Mt. Pleasant, C.E., 8; Ottumwa, 15; Spring Creek, 10.95, 205.78

IOWA CITY.—Bethel, 5; Columbus Junction, 15; Davenport-2d, 10; Iowa City, 17.50; Keota, 5; Muscatine, 33.15; Mal, com, 5; Sigourney, 4.88; Tipton, 31.94, Tamura Bd., 19.77; Unity, 3.80, Busy Bees, 5; West Liberty, 10.47; Williamsburg, 9, 175.51

KALAMAZOO.—Buchanan, 14; Cassopolis, 4.50; Edwardsburgh, 5; Kalamazoo, 1st, 28.21; Plainwell, 5; Richland, 12.29 Schoolcraft, 2.45; Sturgis, 10; Three Rivers, 9.80, 91.25

LA CROSSE.—La Crosse, Mrs. W. H. Parker, 10; West Salem, 25, 35.00

MATTOON.—Effingham, 12; Kansas, 2.25, Col. off, 1.15; Taylorville, 12.70, 28.10

MUNCIE.—Anderson, 6.75; Peru, 11.65; Tipton, 3.40, C.E., 3; Union City, 3; Wabash, 3.20, 31.00

MINNEAPOLIS.—Buffalo Ch., 3.80; Minneapolis, Elim, C.E., 52 cts.; Westm'r Ch., 42.15, Gleaners, 25; Stewart Mem'l Ch., Y.W.S., 8.25, Light Bearers, 3; Oliver Ch., 5.90; Addrew Ch., 25, 113.62

NIOBRARA.—Hartington, 4.25; Ponca, 8.50; Wakefield, 4, 16.75

SAGINAW.—Alpena, 2.94; St. Louis, C.E., 25; West Bay City, Westminster Ch., 16.66, 44.60

ST. PAUL.—Rush City, 3; St. Paul, 9th, 7; Central Ch., 30; Merriam Park, 11.13; House of Hope Ch., 173.25, 224.38

WATERLOO.—Ackley, 27; King's Sons, 2; Cedar Falls, 11.98; Conrad Grove, 3.88; Clarksville, 4.85; Cleves, E. Friesland, 7.28; Dysart, 5.45; Greene, 4.85; Grundy Centre, 41, King's Daughters, 10, Snow Drops, 1.10, S.S., 2.43; Janesville, 4; La Porte City, 10.20; Marshalltown, 20, King's Daughters, 2; Marble Rock, 1; Morrison, 5, Prairie Gleaners, 1; Owassa, 2.70; Crystal Ch., 11.64, Little Lights, 13.48; Tranquility Ch., 18.43; Waterloo, 18.92, C.E., 10.18; West Friesland, 5, 245.37

WINNEBAGO.—Marinette, 18.48, Earnest Workers, 10; Neenah, 90, 118.48

MISCELLANEOUS.—Converse, Ind., Mrs. M. C. Kelsey, 4.22; Garnett, Kan., Mr. A. C. Messenger, 1; Dr. Marshall's Mite Box, 2.19; By Sale of a Brief Record, 60 cts., 8.01

Total for month, $4,908.50
Total receipts since April 20, $23,892.49

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
Room 48, McCormick Block.

Chicago, Nov. 20, 1893.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for November, 1893.

BINGHAMTON.—Binghamton, 1st, C.E., 20; North, 15; Waverly, 1st, 12.22; Windsor, 25, 72.22

BOSTON, MASS.—Antrim, N.H., 10; Litchfield, N.H., 7; Lowell, 12.50; Newburyport, 2d, 30; Portland, Me., 5; Somerville, 10; Woonsocket, R.I., 1.88, 76.38

BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn, 1st, 14.15; Greene Ave., 2.25; Lafayette Ave., 84.93; Memorial, 38.50; Prospect Heights, 10.57; Ross St., Scripture Union Cl., 1; 2d, 4.50; South 3d St., 55.63, Bd., 1; Throop Ave., 13.12, Helping Hand, 1.75, Mission, C.E., 3; Westm'r Ch., 12.96; *special* through Mrs. Pilsbury, 250; Stapleton, S.I., 1st, 10, 503.36

BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Bethany, 56; Central, 50; Ch. of the Covenant, 10; Ch. of the Redeemer, 2.50; North Ch. 17; Jamestown, C.E., 20; Portville, Y.L.S., 35; Sherman, 22, 212.50

CHEMUNG. — Breesport, 1.75, S.S., 3.25; Burdett, 6.25; Havanna, 6; Hector, 2; Rock Stream, 2; Spencer, 4.50; Sugar Hill, 5.60, 31.35

EBENEZER, KY.—Lexington, 2d, 50, P. off., 22.12, Lucas Bd., P. off., 11.06 83.18

GENESEE.—Attica, 17.35, S.S., 9.56; Batavia, 100, Acorn Bd., 20.24, S.S. Soc., 32.14; Castile, 7.75; Perry, 10, Willing Workers, 10, 207.04

GENEVA.—Ovid, 10; Seneca Falls, 4; Trumansburg, 29, 43.00

HUDSON.—Haverstraw, 50; Middletown, 1st, 55; Milford, Pa., 3.95; Nyack, 15; Port Jervis, S.S., 20; Ridgebury, 15; Washingtonville, 25, 183.95

NASSAU.—Astoria, 16.80; Glen Cove, 17; Hempstead, 5.83; Huntington, 1st, 20; 2d, 8; Islip, 12.50; Oyster Bay, 6.50; Roslyn, 13, Jr. C.E., 5; Smithtown, 5, 109.63

NEW YORK.—New York, Central, 339.50; Fifth Ave, Y.L. Branch, 165; First, 22.27; Fourteenth St., 16; Fourth, "Silver Links," 200, C.E., 5; Mount Washington, 17.30; Thirteenth St., 25, Bd., 3, 793.07

NIAGARA.—Lockport, 1st, 25.00

OTSEGO. — Buel, 6.42; Gilbertsville, 6; Margaretville, 5; Oneonta, 5, 22.42

ROCHESTER.—Brighton, Gould Bd., 36.82; Lima, 13; Pittsford, 25; Rochester, Brick, 50; Central, 100; First, 50; St. Peter's, 25; Third, Y.L.S., 25; Westm'r Ch., 37, Y.L.S., 25; Sparta, 1st, 35, 421.82

ST. LAWRENCE.—Watertown, 1st, 81.05; Stone St., 8, 89.05

WESTCHESTER.—Bridgeport, Hope Bd., 5; New Rochelle, 1st, 34; Peekskill, 1st and 2d, Cheerful Workers, 2.89; South Salem, C.E., 3.97, 45.86

MISCELLANEOUS.—Florence, Italy, a friend, 5; Greenport, Mrs. Mary J. Worth, 4.50, 9.50

Total, $2,929.33
Total since April 1, $24,721.37

MRS. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
53 Fifth Ave., New York City.

MRS. J. A. WELCH, *Asst. Treas.*,
34 West Seventeenth St., New York City.

Receipts of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions to November 24, 1893.

LOS ANGELES.—Tustin, 3.00

SACRAMENTO.—Red Bluff, 3.50

SAN FRANCISCO.—San Francisco, Mizpah, Boys' Brigade, 50

SAN JOSE.—Santa Cruz, Margaret Culbertson Soc. 1.60

MISCELLANEOUS.—Board received at "Home," 165.00

Total for month, $173.60
Total since March 25, 1893, $2,996.60

MRS. E. G. DENNISTON, *Treas.*,
Nov. 24, 1893. 920 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.